

# THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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SIX PAGES

## Dr. Sinclair Presents Paper at Philosoph

### M. Halton, Ex-Gateway Editor; Noted Men Are U. of A. Grads

Newspaper Start Made On Gateway

Two brothers, Matthew Halton, noted Canadian war correspondent, and Capt. Seth Halton, the Editor of The Maple Leaf in Belgium, got their first newspaper experience on The Gateway. In 1928 Matt Halton, who is regarded today as one of the outstanding men of Canadian journalism, was Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway. Eleven years later, his brother, Seth Halton, also got his start on The Gateway, and is now a captain in the Public Relations Section of the Canadian Army Overseas. He is now editor of the Canadian army newspaper, The Maple Leaf.

Matthew Halton graduated from the University of Alberta with an Arts degree in 1929, and while in London on an I.O.D.E. scholarship he wrote for the Lethbridge Herald. At one time he acted as the Edmonton Journal's university correspondent, and in 1932 was the British correspondent of the Toronto Star. In 1940 he was the Washington correspondent, and the following year went to Libya and then to Italy. He saw the Spanish Civil War and the Russo-Finnish War. He was among the first to recognize and warn of the Nazi menace. At present, on loan from the CBC to the Canadian Government, he is touring the nation in the interests of the Victory Loan. He was so busy on his visit in Edmonton last Friday that he said, "Oh, for a nice quiet battle!"

The other brother, Capt. Seth Halton, graduated in Arts in 1940, and was on the staff of the Toronto Star before enlisting in the army as a private. Mrs. Halton, who is intensely proud of her husband, graduated in 1938, and is now assisting in the Registrar's Department of the university. She laughingly says: "My husband is always mentioned in the news reports on his brother Matt, so that people will be able to place Matthew better."

Captain Halton is publishing the new Belgium edition of the Maple Leaf in the offices of Le Soir, Brussels' largest paper. Monsieur Eeckhoudt, superintendent of Le Soir, said, as he treated Seth and his circulation manager to his well-kept brandy:

"Often, I thought I might as well drink the brandy, but always I could hear Churchill on the radio hidden in the wall in the cellar, and he said, 'We will come. It will be long and it will be hard, but we will come.' And so always I saved my brandy for the first English. You are the first, and you are not English, but you are the same."

### Pulleyblank Puts Handbook to Press

The following statement is a direct quotation from the Director of the Telephone Directory, Robert Willoughby Pulleyblank:

"After a long and arduous battle with club presidents and students who won't settle down, after days of searching for responsible assistance and nights of working our fingers to the elbow over a hot typewriter, I feel that I can now safely say, without fear of successful contradiction, that the 1944-45 Telephone Handbook will be out this year."

The book has finally gone to press, and should be issued soon, providing the student body with complete out-of-date information regarding campus clubs, and up-to-date dope on every student's latest place of residence. Watch for notice of issue on the bulletin boards.

### Rigid Economy Features Budget; Huge Increase For Athletics

The Students' Union budget was presented in Convocation Hall Saturday morning before the smallest crowd in years. This year the budget shows a marked increase in rugby expenses and a cut in literary expenses. The policy is rigid economy with a \$54 surplus.

Occupying the platform were the officers of the Students' Union: President Alf Harper, Vice-President Doris Tanner, Secretary Bud Eggenberger, and Treasurer Bill Clark. The President's opening remarks dealt with the turnout, which could only be classed as fair. He introduced the Secretary, who announced that nominations were open for the Freshie elections to be held Nov. 15. Positions to be filled are president, vice-president, and sec. treas. The nominations are to be handed in to Bud Eggenberger, Students' Union officer.

As usual, the dart-throwers in the balcony were in evidence (contribution of Engineers, no doubt).

Bill Clark stated the reason for a smaller surplus was to avoid an excess of expenditure. The associations are to keep within their budgets. He explained in detail why there was a decrease in one section or an increase in another. He outlined a general economy policy.

The President asked that the Treasurer explain how the Students' Union fees were used, and Clark

### Gateway Hosts At Victory Dance

Sweet and Low Music

Last Saturday, in Convocation Hall, the Gateway played host at a special Victory Dance in honor of the Golden Bears. On display was the Hardy Trophy, brought to these halls of learning(?) by our Golden Bears after beating the Saskatchewan Huskies. Decorating the gallery were cartoons by Brian Sproule displaying the handsome features of members of the bash-'em and beat-'em squad. Don Graves' orchestra oozed with dreamy waltzes and occasional fast pieces, which were in the minority owing, no doubt, to limited space to "swing out" in. The faces of the jitter fiends presented a study in frustration, while those of "sweet and low" addicts registered blissful contentment.

Patrons were Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Sheldon. Dr. Sheldon was doing very well. In fact, several freshmen inquired as to how he does it. No doubt it's an old secret.

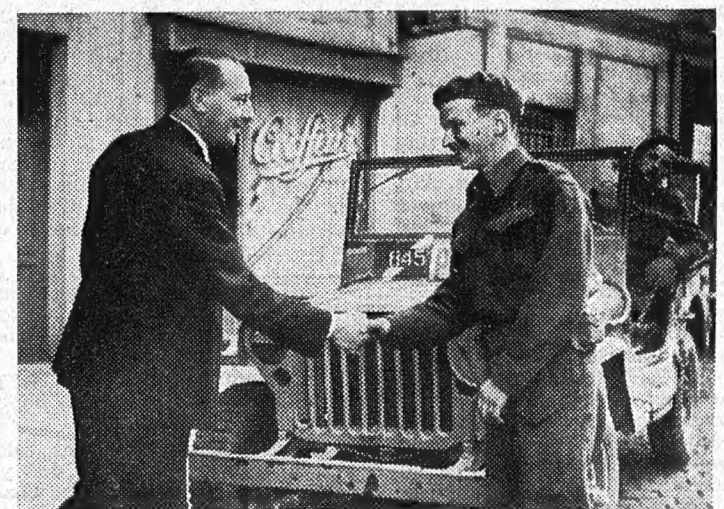
Don Cormie, attempting to Master the Ceremonies, succeeded in getting us well mixed up in the mixer dance. We got so mixed up that we didn't find our partner until the intermission dance, after which we found the coziest place in which to eat, as we talked politics, seated in the History lecture room, where, the other occupants informed us, the lights wouldn't work.

One of the events of the evening, the elimination dance, was held after the "pause that refreshes." Doctor Sheldon was coming along fine until all men whose cranial foliage is sparse were requested to leave the floor. Almost immediately the cry of "discrimination among the heads of our university" was raised, but just as quickly was overruled by the authorities. Three couples, Joe MacLean (navy boy) and Ann Kuchera, Rae (shoulders) Sutherland and Kay McAdam, and Eldon Berg and Bill Smith, escaping elimination, were called to the stage, and after bids and blindfolds had been applied, they engaged in the renowned cornflake marathon. The navy, living up to its tradition for neatness, came through the winner—they didn't put quite so much on the floor as in Joe's willing mouth.

Shirley Macdonald, after being introduced by Ernie (Wailing Wall) Nix, sang for us, in a voice that made Engineers drool and Arsmen quiver, "Apple Blossoms in the Rain," "Goodnight, Wherever You Are," and "Some Day I'll Meet You Again."

The evening wound up as the Grave men played the home waltz, "I'll Always Love You," and after collecting coats and stuff, the crowd made a mad dash for Joan's.

WE'RE PROUD OF THEM



Pictured above are Matthew Halton and Seth Halton. The former was Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway in 1928-29. The latter, who graduated in 1940 from U. of A., is now Editor-in-Chief of the Maple Leaf in Belgium.

### Frosh Elections, November 15; Bang-up Campaign Expected

Nominations Due Monday Noon

Calling all Frosh! Calling all Frosh! This is what we promised you about two weeks ago—don't say you don't remember! That's right—the class elections for the Freshman Class Executive are coming fast; in fact, election day is on Wednesday, Nov. 15. Don't forget that nominations must be in by noon on Monday, Nov. 13, signed by the nominee and nine other members of his or her class. We know that Freshmen will have a bang-up election campaign, as did their immediate predecessors last year—one that will cause the Arts Building to shake and quiver—and with the enthusiasm that the little brothers and sisters have shown so far this year, we won't be too surprised if they outdo even that famous campaign.

So, don't forget, all you Frosh! Get the nomination forms from the Union office, pick out some likely candidate, get him and nine other Freshmen to sign the form, and be

sure that Bud Eggenberger, the Union Secretary, has the form by noon on Monday, November 13th. And we do mean, noon. Avoid any grief from late nominations (which positively cannot be accepted!). Get your nomination form in in plenty of time, so that there cannot be any question as to the deadline. It's all yours, Freshies—go to it, now—we're expecting a good show!

### Nevada Wolves Visit Alberta, Suggest Series With U. of A.

"Four hundred are going to Reno this year—but those four hundred are securing liberal educations—not divorces." Such was the statement of Ty Cobb (he disclaims relationship to the other Ty), graduate of the University of Nevada, and now Sports Editor of the Reno Journal. And those Nevada Wolves can really toss a mean pigskin, despite Canadian cold and snow.

In an interview with The Gateway, representatives of the University of Nevada enthusiastically sketched the way of

American college life. The University of Nevada has a peace-time enrollment of 1,000, but this year only 500 students are attending, of whom 400 are girls! Nevertheless, quotes Jim Aiken, popular coach, "we are resolved to field a rugby squad as long as we have eleven campus males fit to be uniformed."

The city of Reno, which houses the State University, has a population of 27,000. All the team members were lavish in their praises on behalf of the public-spirit and university-minded business men of Reno. "The students arrange their athletic engagements and the citizens foot the trip expenses," said Cobb.

Nevada was the first American University to transport its teams by air. In 1930 they flew to the University of Southern California. Later a team flew to Hawaii, and it's of interest to note that tickets and reservations were booked for a return game in Hawaii with the schedule take-off for Christmas, 1941 (remember Pearl Harbour?). "They have flown to Mexico and Arizona, and their ambition is to permanently adopt this method of transportation," Cobb stated.

There are at present only three universities in operation in the U.S.A., entirely attended by civilian students. These are Nevada, the University of Utah, and St. Mary's in Oakland, Cal. This year's edition of the Wolves is the third wartime team to have been presented by the U. of N. With the exception of Bob McClure (captain), Alf Sorenson,

### Memorial Service Armistice Day

Lecture Dismissed 10:35 a.m.

By direction of the President and with the co-operation of the Committee on the Memorial Organ, it has been arranged that on Remembrance Day, Nov. 11th, Professor L. H. Nichols will provide a service of music on the Memorial Organ in Convocation Hall from 10:40 to 11:10 a.m., with two minutes silence at 11:00 a.m.

Lecture classes will be dismissed at 10:35 a.m. to give those who desire to do so an opportunity to attend the service. Those attending are urged to go as promptly as possible to the Hall, thus avoiding the disappointment of many who were unavoidably excluded last year. The nature of the service requires that the doors of the Hall be closed at 10:50 a.m. and kept closed until the end of the service. Lectures will be resumed at 11:15 a.m.

Laboratory classes extending over the period of the service will not be dismissed, but in view of the solemnity of the occasion, all members of the university are earnestly requested to observe two minutes silence from 1:00 to 1:02 a.m.

G. B. TAYLOR, Assistant Registrar.

Nov. 3, 1944.

### The New Trail For U.A. Alumni

"The New Trail" is a magazine published by the Alumnae Association quarterly, to give a record of campus activities which are of special interest to graduates of our University; to keep them in touch with events here at U. of A., and news about other graduates, their whereabouts and present occupations.

The task of compiling and editing this publication is undertaken by the Editor, F. M. Salter; the Associate Editors, Donald Cameron and G. B. Taylor; and C. L. King, the Business Manager. Associated with them on the advisory board are Mr. Justice Ford, Harold H. Parlee, Robert Newton, and G. B. Lanford.

Included in the October issue are articles on Canada's (and Alberta's) hinterland, and its future potentialities; a treatise on Teacher Training by A. E. Ottewill, which outlines the projected plan for teacher-training in Alberta; an article by W. W. Preston on "Multiplying the Efficiency and Usefulness of Drafting Tables"; a review of books written by graduates; a "local boy makes good" section; and "Alumni Notes" by G. B. Taylor, telling about the present whereabouts of some of the "Old Boys," and what they are doing.

The editorials respectively aim a blast at the enemies of humanistic education; and urge use to concentrate on the immediate task of clearing up our own backyard, while viewing the breath-taking beauty of the far horizon. Another editorial gives an outline of the various items to be found in The New Trail.

The whole publication is neatly set up and well edited. It reflects hard work and desire to produce something really fine for Alberta graduates, to show them that they are not forgotten, while keeping them abreast of contemporary developments. "The New Trail" is a publication of which the University and the Alumnae Association can well be proud.

### S.C.M. Open House Dr. Shaner Speaks

The next Open House of the Student Christian Movement will be on Sunday, Nov. 12, at 9:00 p.m., in St. Steve's Assembly Hall. Speaker is to be Dr. R. F. Shaner, head of the Anatomy Department. His topic, "The Race Question," is one which should be of interest to all students. A discussion following the address will give everyone a chance to air his views on the subject. Regardless of whether you have attended any Firesides or other S.C.M. functions this year, plan to come next Sunday. A short sing-song will fill out the program, and lunch will be served afterwards. Please bring ten cents to cover cost of lunch.

We'll be seeing you next Sunday at Steve's.

WELL! WELL!

Speaking of unions, etc., the Albertans and Golden Bears are great organization material. Let's say that Bud Eggenberger was voted the man with the most determined chin, and Mel Ottem the hardest man to find—while Joe Shooter is reputed to have the curliest eyelashes, Bob Buckley the most unique hair cut, and Bill Clark the smoothest shave. We'd like to write up all the boys so—(Censored!)—From The Sheaf.

LOST

Manila Folder containing miscellaneous notes, letters, ration books, etc. Probably in Arts. Finder please leave at Gateway Office. Reward.

### Post-War Agriculture on International Basis

Universities and Schools Play Important Role

"No nation can expect to rise much higher than the state of its nutrition. Fear of want of food in the past has led to acts of aggression and actual starvation has caused untold suffering for a large part of the world's population. The contributions of science to improvement in agricultural production and the application of new technological processes to the industry provide that freedom from want of food can be realized. A new conception that individual nations should obligate themselves to raising the standard of nutrition of their peoples and undertake co-operative action to insure that food will be equitably distributed among all peoples of the world, offers the hope that agriculture will be able to make even greater contribution to human welfare than it has in the past," so stated Dr. R. D. Sinclair, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture, at the second meeting of the Philosophical Society, held Wednesday evening in the Medical Building.

Dean Sinclair stressed the importance of agriculture on the happenings of history. "Much of man's inhumanity to man throughout the ages has resulted from manipulations of the food supply or from maldistributions in the distribution of the portions of the earth's surface upon which proper food could be produced." He then went on to prove that, although synthetic processes in many phases of our lives have replaced older methods, synthetic processes in agriculture, in our time at least, will not replace agriculture as we know it. However, they may prove a valuable supplement to our ordinary agricultural resources.

Important Conference  
Dean Sinclair showed that technical processes on this continent have so been improved that in the coming years more and better food will be produced by fewer people. Important strides have been made, too, in the chemurgic research of utilizing surpluses in food in other industries. The soy bean is the best example here. The dictator countries during the present war have taken advantage of the progress of science to attain a high degree of self-sufficiency in the matter of food through the use of "ersatz" goods. This has been done, however, at the cost of high standards of nutrition.

A significant step of world-wide importance was made at Hot Springs, Virginia, by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Conference during May and June of 1943. Forty-four united nations attended, and their main object was to seek means whereby every member could be supplied with adequate and nutritious food to maintain the health of the people of the nation. Some of the

facts the conference faced were: Two-thirds of the people of the world spend their lives on the land raising food. Two-thirds of the people of the world, including many who live on the land, have never had enough to eat. There has always been widespread malnutrition in all lands, even the most prosperous. In many lands there has always been actual hunger and periodical famines have taken millions of lives. The conference agreed that scientific progress had provided the means for conquering the want of food, and that these conditions could be remedied.

A blueprint was drawn up and has been submitted to the nations concerned. If twenty of the nations sign, this marriage of health and agriculture will be consummated. No dictatorial methods will be employed. Farmers will not be told what they must raise nor will people be told what they must eat. However, to ensure that any nation's effort will not be too passive, "each nation will recognize its national obligation to raise the levels of nutrition and standards of living of its own people, to improve the efficiency of its agricultural production and distribution, and to co-operate with other nations in achieving these ends and to report periodically on the progress it has made," stated Dean Sinclair.

The universities and schools will have an important role in the future as the means whereby the people of the nation will be informed regarding the balanced diet and the processes involved in food production. Through research the universities will make possible an increased quantity and improvement in the quality of the food supply. "A world organization for food and agriculture offers the hope that, through a consideration of the problems related to supplying the food required to sustain life itself, a spirit of genuine international goodwill may be developed and maintained, and thus an important step taken in the direction of assuring permanent peace," Dean Sinclair stated in conclusion.

S.C.M. STUDY GROUPS

Attention of students is drawn to the following study groups, which need larger memberships. You will find them very profitable—well worth an hour a week of your time. "Life of Jesus," led by Rev. D. J. C. Elson in his office at St. Stephen's, from 7:30 to 8:30 Monday evening. "Rediscovering the Bible," led by Ron Read, S.C.M. General Secretary, every other Sunday in St. Steve's library, 9:00-10:30 p.m. Next will be November 19.

Yearbook Staff Meeting

There will be a general staff meeting of Evergreen and Gold in the Cafe banquet room at 4:15 on Thursday, Nov. 16. All others doing work for the yearbook are invited to attend.

### Council Exec. Streamlines Mail Method

Since mail for students has been accumulating in the Union office, there will appear daily a list of those who have mail at the office. This notice will be posted every noon on the Students' Union bulletin board—in the north side of the Arts rotunda, next to the stairs.

Found

Black Waterman's Pin in Convocation Hall. Call at Students' Union Office.

### Three Main Waw-waw Functions; Big Dance Sat. Night in Con. Hall

Waw-Waw Day is definitely on the way. A committee organized under the directorship of Doug Love has set the date for November 17th and 18th.

Plans for the big doings are going favorably, and through the swell co-operation of Doug and his Daisies we have a gala week-end in store. Now's the time and now's the hour to flash those molars, fellows, and show the gals you're all set to be dated for Waw-Waw days. And don't forget, Daisies, that the success of Waw-Waw depends entirely on you, so don't let the campus males down.

Friday evening there'll be a Theatre Party at the Garneau, starting promptly at 7:30 p.m. (main feature begins at 6:50 p.m.).

During the show all Daisies and Joes will have the privilege of seeing the Law Club members renew their much acclaimed talents in another of their famous dramatic successes. Did you see their last year's effort—if not, you really missed something. The Outdoor Club, too, will present a laugh-provoking skit. Owen Jones and his Troubadours will move you into transports of delight, as they send you with a reet beat.

Saturday afternoon is a must on your date memo. Yes, there'll be a rugby game at 3:00 p.m., with the campus cuties tossing the pigskin. "Quig" will urge them on via the mike, and keep you informed with a

blow-to-blow description of the encounter. As yet the lineup is not available, nor has the committee disclosed who'll be cheer leaders. They did disclose that Art Howard and Archie Campbell have consented to coach the gals, and that present indications are they'll all be in great form by the 18th.

There'll be student prices for the Theatre Party. Tickets will go on sale Friday morning in Arts rotunda. Tickets for the rugby game will be 10 cents, and there'll be an advance sale Saturday morning.

The week-end highlight will be the Waw-Waw Dance in Convocation Hall on Saturday at 8:30. This will be a novelty dance, and the admission charge will be according to the size of your escort's head, gals.

So start praying for good weather everybody, and watch the Gateway for further news re-Waw-Waw Day.



## THE GATEWAY



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Phone 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF DON CORMIE  
BUSINESS MANAGER ROGER BELZIL

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## THE MAPLE LEAF (BELGIUM)

When Canadian forces invaded Normandy, The Maple Leaf, "Canada's front-line newspaper," went to press in Caen. When the invasion beaches seemed far in the past, and the battle swept on to Belgium and Holland—it was no longer possible to distribute Canada's army newspaper from Caen—the next step was to Brussels. The staff of The Maple Leaf moved in convoy and did 300 miles in a day and a half—what would ordinarily take three days in convoy. They arrived in Brussels to find it almost undamaged, and published the first edition in the offices of Le Soir, Brussels' largest paper.

It is a credit to our university and to The Gateway to know that Capt. Seth Halton, the managing-editor of the paper in Brussels, got his first experience on The Gateway. In the Le Soir Illustré, dated 27 September, 1944, two complete pages are devoted to pictures of the famous Alberta graduate and members of his staff. One large photograph shows Lieut. Doug Smith distributing copies of the paper to a milling crowd in Belgium.

In the first Belgium edition, one of the articles contains the proud, bold heading, "Best iron ore on continent now being mined in Canada." There is also a series of cartoons by Les Callan headed, "Monty and Johnny," with sketches of General Montgomery and Pte. Johnny Canuck, which seem to go over well with the troops. In his first Belgium editorial, Seth says:

"The drone of giant rotary presses of Belgium's leading daily newspaper—Le Soir—made history early this morning when the first Belgium edition of The Maple Leaf fed upward through delivery ways to the circulation room—the first Canadian newspaper ever to be published in this country."

In the case of the Maple Leaf—nothing further could be desired in the kindly co-operation offered by Le Soir. Each fine detail has been arranged for and executed for the facility of Canada's army newspaper in Belgium—everything from copy paper, desks, electric lights to photo engraving, linotype machines and press work. The advantages of one of Europe's most prominent newspapers have been afforded the First Canadian Army.

And they will not allow the army to pay for anything!

Yes, we're proud of Seth and his staff. Every day they are not only bringing Canada closer to our troops, but they are bringing Canada closer to Belgium. For both The Gateway and the university, we want to say, "Keep up the good work, Capt. Halton."

## THE BUDGET MEETING

The turnout at the budget meeting on Saturday morning was rather disappointing. It is indeed a pity that so many students care little what is done with Students' Union funds. We cannot understand their attitude. The Treasurer is required by the constitution to prepare and present the budget by the first Saturday in November—ten thousand dollars of student money is being budgeted for—and we think the amount is sufficient to warrant the attendance of a few more students at the meeting. It is not as if there was not time. The university officials apparently deem the budget meeting important enough to have lectures and labs cancelled for that hour—it is disgusting that so many students do not think the meeting important enough to attend.

On the other hand, we want to say how pleased we were at the intelligent questions asked of the Treasurer—at least, those students

News and Views  
From Other U's

Kingston, Nov. 1 (CUP).—Four of the most beautiful and photogenic Queen's University co-eds, one from each class year, will be selected to model professionally for the Robert Simpson Company, Limited, advertisements which will appear in this year's Tricolor, the university yearbook.

The plan, whereby the four girls will travel, expenses paid, to Toronto some time in February, was originated by A. Garth Gunter, editor-in-chief of the Tricolor. While in Toronto, they will pose professionally for the Simpson's advertisements which will be run in the Tricolor next spring. The plan is being sponsored by Simpson's, and is believed to be unique on Canadian campuses.

Plans for selecting the winners have not as yet been completed. However, it is believed a student board will be formed for that purpose.

## CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES CUT TRAINING

The Senate of McGill University announced on Oct. 18 that a joint Services University Training Board has been set up in Ottawa by the Chiefs of Staff Committee. The Board, set up on Sept. 29, will be under the chairmanship of Commodore K. R. Brock, R.C.N.V.R., and will deal with all matters affecting the required military training of University students.

Quoting an Ottawa statement, a McGill press release announced "that there will be a minimum of 110 hours of intramural training during the academic year and two weeks of camp during the summer vacation."

"After 220 hours of intramural training in the unit in which enrolled, and attendance at two summer camps, having been satisfactorily completed," the statement continued, "the hours of intramural training should be reduced by the Joint Services Training Board Committee to 60 hours per session of intramural compulsory training, but two weeks summer camp will still be required."

Military training in any one of the three services shall, under these regulations, "be considered as an integral part of University education," the announcement continued, and it is further provided:

"That any student completing and qualifying with the U.N.T.D. or the C.O.T.C. or the C.A.T.C., get credit for initial training in each service."

New regulations have also been set by the Joint Services University Training Board, under the date of Oct. 5, which provide for the creation of a Joint Services Training Committee at every Canadian University.

At least four Canadian universities have announced their intention to cut the training hours for junior and senior students. Other universities are expected to announce the adoption of the new Ottawa ruling shortly. Following is a summary of CUP stories from those universities which have already accepted the new plan:

## Toronto

Col. H. H. Madill, Community Officer of the University of Toronto C.O.T.C., stated that training periods would be carried on as usual, until a total of 60 hours have been completed. Although this will cut the amount of work covered, it should not affect the status of the student when he joins the active service.

Students, in an already accelerated plan of training, as in medicine, are unaffected by this ruling. Just how many students will be affected by the new ruling is not, at present, known.

## Dalhousie

Squadron-Leader Theakston of the Dalhousie U.A.T.C., who represented his university at the National Conference of Canadian Universities in September, released the new plan to the Dalhousie Gazette recently.

The proposals, in the form of a letter sent to the O.C.s of each of the services represented on the Dalhousie campus, stated the policies at the recently set up Joint Services University Training Board. An important section of the letter dealt with Type of Training. This stated: "Any student completing and qualifying with the U.N.T.D., the C.O.T.C. or the U.A.S. (U.A.T.C.) will get credit for initial training in each service. Officer candidates may be picked from this group, to be trained as officers, in accordance with each service's training program."

who did show up were genuinely interested. It is fortunate that there was sufficient time at the end of the meeting for the asking of questions. This observer had yet to attend a budget meeting where there was time left for the students to voice their opinions or to have certain points clarified.

No doubt the children who sit in the gallery and shoot airplane darts at their friends below will grow up some time in the dim and distant future. We hope so, anyway.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

The coach of the University of Nevada threw a bombshell into our secluded and restricted football outlook; in fact, it was a bombshell to our whole narrow and biased outlook with regard to all university activities. What we would like to know is what happened to the coach and athletic executive of our university?? The Gateway mentioned to several of the executive that the University of Nevada team was playing in Edmonton over the weekend, and suggested that they speak to them with regard to inter-border competition. Nobody from this group turned up. The visiting team was a little surprised that our university didn't ask them over and show them around, and at the least talk over the possibility of games between us. It is difficult to understand the incompetence of our executive in this regard. Were they asleep, or just not interested?

However, the coach of the team said that if we wanted to play them, we didn't have to worry about the expenses. "From the backing we get from the Reno citizens, it is highly probable that a series could be arranged." Again I ask, "What's the matter with our football executive?" However, The Gateway has taken the "liberty" of making a permanent contact with them, and we trust the Athletic Board will put it down for the first thing next fall. The interest will be tremendous, and a return game (which we might some day arrange) would cost very little more than playing in Winnipeg.

## Correspondence

October 31, 1944.

Editor, The Gateway,  
University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—There are a few facts concerning the question of University of Alberta regulations regarding race of which the students deserve to be informed.

Some time ago the Board of Governors passed a regulation to the effect that the University would not admit any student of Japanese descent unless he was a resident of Alberta prior to the outbreak of war with Japan on Dec. 7th, 1941.

Here is an example of the way this regulation has been applied:

Harold Yoneyama's application to enter first year Engineering was rejected. He is a resident of Edmonton, and attended Victoria High School for the past two years. Two of his sisters graduated from the University of Alberta recently, one in Medicine, one in Dentistry.

His case might be paralleled with that of Henry Hasegawa, a classmate of his, whose application to enter Medicine was rejected (although he had the highest matriculation standing in the Province of Alberta, and was born in the Royal Alexandra Hospital), but who was permitted to enter Engineering. The distinction, of course, is simply that Henry Hasegawa, although a resident of British Columbia for most of his life, was born in Edmonton and resided there before the war, whereas Harold Yoneyama was a resident of British Columbia before the war. Incidentally, Harold Yoneyama received a letter of acceptance from the Faculty of Engineering at the University of Toronto, but he was not able to go there because of city regulations.

There are a few details of George Nishio's case which are still worth presenting. As was his intention in applying for Medical courses at the University, he is now working towards a degree in Medicine at the University of Saskatchewan, in the hope that he may complete that study at a university where Japanese-Canadians are accepted, possibly for example, at the University of Manitoba or the University of Toronto. In this connection, of the 18 Japanese-Canadian enrollees of this fall at the University of Manitoba, four are registered in pre-med, and one in 4th year medicine.

Also, to avoid misunderstanding, I would like to point out that George did make application to the University to enter First Year Medicine, and was informed that his application was rejected by the Committee on Admission to Medicine in a letter

from the Registrar dated June 10th, 1944.

For those concerned, I should like to emphasize that in presenting these facts it is not my intention to do so with the aim of discrediting any particular individual or group, but rather to suggest that as the above-mentioned regulation is of a discriminatory nature, and thus undemocratic and un-Christian, it should be rescinded. While we are fighting a war for freedom, it may be said that there is need for curtailment of our own freedom. But it is certainly unfair and unnecessary to bar certain citizens from the University simply because of race and color, and regardless of their loyalty or ability.

It is interesting to observe, in this regard, that in the United States the procedure now in effect is that American citizens of Japanese race are to be admitted, if qualified, to any college or university not hitherto cleared to receive them, entirely on the basis of the applicant's personal record for loyalty and good behavior. As a telegram of Dillon S. Myer, National Director of War Relocation Authority, put it, "Students to be accepted at all schools on same basis as any others."

The President's recent statement that "In Canada alone among the Allied Nations has it been possible for students to continue a fairly normal programme of undergraduate studies" is undoubtedly true. But that privilege should be accorded to all Canadian students who may qualify, irrespective of race or color, should it not?

In the name of all who are deeply interested in the cause of justice and freedom and democracy, and in the name of Jesus Christ whose basic doctrine was the brotherhood of men, I present these facts to students and faculty in order that all discriminatory regulations based on race prejudice may subsequently be removed from the statutes of the University of Alberta. I believe the following reasons may be used by students for urging the removal of this particular regulation:

1. It is **undemocratic**: no one is free until all are free. Loyal citizens with a different skin color should be distinguished from dangerous aliens.

2. It is **impractical**: loyalty is not secured by regulations which imply disloyalty.

3. It is **un-Christian**: Jesus said, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Yours truly,  
J. A. BOORMAN.

## REALISM

## France

Bearing in mind some mistakes in our own policy between the wars, bearing in mind also the failure of the League of Nations, in consequence largely because of the falling out of America, and other weaknesses for which other powers are responsible in the failure to give general security to the world; bearing in mind the withdrawal of the United States from the Anglo-American guarantee against German aggression promised by President Wilson, on the strength of which France relinquished her claim to the Rhine frontiers; bearing in mind, above everything else, the loss of nearly 2,000,000 men which France with her small and declining population sustained in bearing the brunt, as she bore it in the last war, and the terrible effects of this unexampled bloodletting upon the whole life of France—remembering all this and much else, I have always felt the liveliest sympathy for the French in the years when we watch ed supinely the dreadful and awe-inspiring growth of German power.

—Churchill.

## Speed

The speed with which the mighty British and American armies in France were built up is almost incredible, in the first twenty-four hours a quarter of a million men were landed in the teeth of fortified and violent opposition. By the twentieth day a million men were ashore.

## Appraisal

If we are to deal rightly with Germany, the first necessity is to know the facts, undistorted by passion, sentiment or self-interest. Europe can be restored to health only by a statesmanship inspired by a thorough-going realism. The true realism is one that sees with equal clearance the forces of evil and destruction and the elements of promise and hope, and attaches due weight to each.

In a debate in the House of Lords a few weeks ago there was a sharp passage of arms between Lord Vansittart and the Bishop of Chichester. Lord Vansittart, who is moved to the depths of his being by the hideous suffering and blight which Germany has brought upon mankind, is determined that the facts relating to beliefs, dispositions and behaviour which prevail in Germany and which he believes to be the cause of this untold suffering, shall be fully known and fully taken into account in future policy towards Germany. He is in the right against those who in their eagerness for reconciliation and in the desire to achieve premature harmony brush aside these harsh facts and underestimate the virulence of the evil which has infected the German people.

But the Bishop of Chichester is equally justified in drawing attention to another range of facts, and Lord Vansittart's charge that he was 100 per cent Germanophile was a travesty of what the Bishop actually said. There can be no stable order in Europe without the co-operation of the German people and the contribution of their productive energies, and every bit of evidence of the presence of constructive forces deserves the closest attention of

—Churchill.

## Commonwealth

There is no doubt that surpassing victories gained in common make a very agreeable foundation for inter-Ally conferences like that which was just finished. It is very much more pleasing to share the victories and share the disasters, and we have shared them both.

I can tell you that the former is in every way the more exhilarating

## A FRESHMAN LOOKS AT VARSITY

One sparkling day I found myself hurtling through space to the U. of A. (not to be confused with hurtling through space to the local hot spot) in order to develop eloquence on the subject of psychosthenia, and incidentally, find out if the saga of the Beermen was really true.

My elixir began to run low after I'd stood in all the available lines and had my time-table changed forty-three and a half times, but after slithering around the Arts rotunda for a short spasm, I returned to the grind and finally established myself as a bona fide collegiate—now eligible for all sorts of earthly pastimes, such as angling over to Tuck for a fast coke with the girls, or scrounging around the stuff lab, if you happen to have a morbid sense of humor.

They (being, of course, those wise and tweedy upperclassmen) told us innocent freshmen that Varsity life would be absolutely different from high school. They weren't just whistling through their teeth either, because there is more work, more laughs, more wolves and more everything at Varsity. Breakfasting on vitamin pills in order to drag yourself off to an eight o'clock lecture, or keeping your toes uncured when a glamorous upperclassman flashes you the big red-eye, are just little items you get used to, I suppose.

The Pep Rally inspired me to run halfway into tomorrow to attend all the rugby games and collapse the lungs on several choice yells. A couple of severe sessions of the Frosh Court made for the really big laughs, and the tea plus the Freshie Mixer kept things rocking. All that was just another way of saying the interested attitude toward the Freshies fostered in them the big Varsity spirit.

## MUD-SLINGING FROM MOSCOW

From the (Calgary Albertan)

During the last few months, the controlled press in Russia has developed a peculiar habit of making personal attacks on private citizens of other countries, whose words or actions have displeased the Soviet government. Among the prominent men who have been subjected to this treatment are the late Wendell Willkie, Governor Dewey, ex-Ambassador W. C. Bullitt, and Hanson Baldwin, the military commentator.

Now, a Canadian, Professor Watson Kirkconnell of McMaster University. Professor Kirkconnell has apparently got himself into the bad graces of the Kremlin by (1) writing a book criticizing the Canadian Communist party and (2) being too friendly with a Canadian-Ukrainian organization which Moscow disapproves. As a result, he has been raked over the coals by the Russian newspaper "Trud." He is accused of being a Fascist, an enemy of the Soviet Union, a spy, and a propagandist for Goebbels.

It is difficult to understand the mentality that prompts articles of this kind. They can hardly have much interest for the average Russian reader. These slanderous attacks on prominent Americans and Canadians arouse only resentment on this continent. By resorting to these tactics, Russian leaders are certainly not fostering goodwill between the Soviet Union and its western allies.

Those who would build wisely. It is beyond the power of most of us, nor is it our direct responsibility, to master the endless variety of relevant facts and fit them into a coherent view, and to appraise rightly the deep forces, demonic and redemptive, that are in conflict with the German soul. What we can do is to recognize the bias to which we are all in greater or less degree subject and to refuse to allow it to deflect us from the disinterested search for truth.

—J. H. Oldham.

The British Word

I offered some time ago to embody this undertaking in a definite treaty, but President Roosevelt made the courteous reply that the British word was enough.

—Churchill.

QQV.

An accused criminal smirked up at Lord Bacon, who, as chancellor, was trying his case.

"Your highness really ought to let me free. We're kin, you know, for my name's Hogg, and Hogg's kin to Bacon."

Dryly Bacon replied, "Not until it's hung!"

Freshman: "How's the pick-up on your new car?"

Senior: "Pretty good. About three to a block"

## WAY BACK WHEN

## Life on the Campus

## Five Years Ago

From The Gateway files of 1939: Sadie Hawkins' Week continuing in full swing in spite of tension with University officials.

Golden Bears soccer team defeat Edmonton Garrison.

## Ten Years Ago

From The Gateway files of 1934: Nov. 5.—University of Alberta receives Hardy Cup. Varsity Bears win Intercollegiate rugby title by defeating U.B.C. 11-1.

Nov. 10.—Saskatchewan Huskies win Hardy Cup by defeating Varsity Bears 12-2.

Things I would like to see:

(a) Students listening to just one lecture by the President without playing x's and o's.

(b) A professor who does not think his course the most important in the University.

## Twenty Years Ago

From The Gateway files of 1924: Calgary wins rugby championship by downing Varsity 13-1.

Mr. Osborne supplied the boys with a hot time at the club after the game. Both cigars and table cloth burnt well.

Edward "Ted" N. Gowan chosen as Alberta Rhodes Scholar.

Ag Club fined \$5.00 by Provost for holding a banquet overturn without official sanction. General Faculty Council set 60% as required mark for all supplemental examinations. Costumed co-eds performed a greatly appreciated snake dance through the lounge of the Men's Residence.

A student was fined \$3.00 and costs by the Court for being in Pembina Hall after hours. The lady who entertained this student is being summoned to appear before the Wauneta Council.

## Club Corner

Club activities are rather scant this week, due to mid-term exams, but here's what there are:

Varsity Choir—Practise as usual, Nov. 11, 1:15, Med. 158. All members please turn out.

E.S.S.—Meeting Nov. 4, 7:30, Med 142. Turn out, or else . . .

D.U.S.—Attention, Dents! Remember your big banquet on Nov. 16.

S.C.M.—Cabinet meeting, Nov. 15, 7:00 p.m., S.C.M. office. There will be fireside, Sunday, Nov. 12, after church at St. Steve's. All interested please come.

House Dance—Everybody turn out for the big Christmas Fund House Dance, Nov. 18, sponsored by the Co-ed Club.

All clubs wishing notices in Club Corner, please have them in The Gateway office not later than Monday afternoon of the week of your activity.

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# Co-ed Parade

## The Paris Mode Under the Nazi Heel

(Reprinted from Reader's Digest)

The stubby little man with ruddy cheeks and deep-set eyes did not look like either a fashion expert or a hero of the Underground. But he knew quite a lot about fashion—and he had been condemned to death by the Gestapo. His voice was average, a little shrill perhaps, and his hands were clumsy.

"One evening last fall," he said, "I took Solange to the Cafe de la Paix. You can get beer at the Cafe de la Paix, and German beer is better than no beer at all. And you should have seen the hat she was wearing!"

His short arms made an attempt to show something huge and round and bulging away above his head.

"It was a sort of gigantic turban. But quite lovely. I asked her: 'Solange, where did you get that hat?' and she laughed. She had made it herself with twenty-four bits of material pieced together." He grinned.

"What these Parisiennes can think off! Another day," he continued, "I arrived at the home of a friend—Germaine. And what did I see on the ground but mountains of feathers—chicken and duck feathers. I almost lost my voice. Chickens? Where had she got them? But Germaine shook her head: 'Mais mon, mais mon, mon cher,' she told me, 'I have just peeled off the cover of my eiderdown. I am going to quilt it and have a coat made of it, a deep red satin coat for next winter.'"

Monsieur D. had many other stories to tell. Stories that, with documents and reports from the Underground, help to piece together a history of Paris fashions very different from the old told by the Nazi-inspired publications devoted to Paris openings, which recently arrived here and created an uproar in the American dressmaking industry and the press.

There are two types of fashions in Paris. One is followed by the great majority of women, who, like Solange, try to keep smart and use whatever they possess, be it a curtain, a bedspread or just scraps. The

other concerns an infinitesimal group of Parisians who can still afford the couturiers.

Solange and her sisters can buy nothing in the way of fabrics or clothing in the department stores, which have remained open by order of the German Kommandatur. The Galeries Lafayette have closed all of their floors but one. There is nothing to sell. Yet the Kommandatur has issued another order forbidding the counters to look bare. Thus shopping becomes somewhat of an adventure. Parisians never know what will appear on the shelves next. One day nothing but paper napkins will cover all the counters. The next day there will be a crop of socks. The socks may be brownish and of ersatz yarn, but every woman who goes into the store buys them, for her child or her husband, or for herself, to make a snood.

Then, on another day, there will be a mountain of string. Thin, smooth, good-looking string. Two weeks later a young woman will march down the Avenue de l'Opera wearing what from a distance appear to be mesh stockings. A closer examination reveals that the "lace" is much thicker than the ordinary kind, that the stockings are in reality hand-knit string, and that they look quite smart with thick clogs and short, full skirts.

This is the way ninety-eight out of a hundred women have been creating fashions day in and day out, since the fall of France. For the other two, the story is different. Their story is linked to the saga of the Haute Couture.

### Collaborators

The Haute Couture, by decision of the German Military Government of Paris, had to be kept alive. At the beginning of the occupation some seventy houses received what were called "cartes de derogation," permits allowing them to sell clothes without ration points to their clientele. To the clientele, in return, was allocated a "carte de haute couture."

Whether all the couturiers on the derogation list are "collaborators" or not is a matter for debate. It is widely known that several of the leading designers did much more than was asked of them: they gave parties for German officers and their wives, appeared with them in public places and even went to Berlin. Others seem to have had but one concern: to provide money and food for tens of thousands of midnights, whose living depended on needles, thimbles, natient hands.

Besides, these maisons de couture had received the order to remain open, and obeying meant in many cases avoiding deportation and reprisals. It also meant getting back from the Germans some of the money that was being squeezed out of France. A dress cost anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 francs; a hat, 5,000 or 10,000, and most of the clients were German. The few French women who could afford to pay such prices were either collaborators or wives of black marketers.

The only women who did not have to pay were the models who wore the couturier's clothes, after work hours, to theatres, restaurants, races. They were the ones, 300 to 500 of them, who launched styles just as in pre-war days.

The type of fashion born of all these circumstances undoubtedly will become part of the history of this war, just as did the costumes of the Merveilleuses and of the Incroyables of the French Revolution.

In a neurotic, tense, hungry city where everything has been turned German—the press, the radio, the signs on the street—fashion becomes

a mode of expression. It is not mere fashion any more. A dress, a hat, becomes a pamphlet, a cry of scorn, a smile of contempt, a sob without tears.

After two years of prostration and shame, in the spring of 1942, a woman emerged from one of the big millinery establishments of the Rue Cambon wearing a bulky hat. Undoubtedly she did not realize that this creation carried a message, that it was the milliners' way of bowing to Queen Mary, to the British. But other women soon caught on. Just as they caught on when another milliner launched a huge black bow with wide streamers. This was one inspired by the headgear worn by the peasant women of Alsace. Huge eccentric hats became the rage of Paris. They were as eloquent as flags.

Dresses followed. They started becoming arrogantly lavish. The Allies were scoring victories.

"Why," a German officer's wife asked a premiere during a fitting, "why are French women so frivolous? Don't they realize there is a war on—that these are difficult times?" It was November, 1942, and the Allies had just landed in North Africa. It was impossible to hide one's joy.

### Change of Attitude

In February, 1943, after the Stalingrad "disaster," the Germans awakened to the meaning of this display.

The Parisiennes smiled—they too had scored a victory. Plans were drawn by the Germans to suppress all fashion articles and sketches. The alarmed dressmakers made a plea to the journalists. "Forget us. Don't talk about us. We are headed for a lot of trouble."

The press toned down—so did the styles. But not for long. It was too late. Small dressmakers—and all the solanges of Paris—were spending hours on embroideries. They were using spangles, gold thread, colored pearls, to hide the shabbiness of the cloth. Embroidery proved to be a good occupation for hungry people.

Finally, after several severe warnings, Vichy stepped in. The Journal Officiel in the middle of May, 1943, took upon itself what appeared to be a futile problem: it issued a decree forbidding the wearing of "fantastically voluminous" hats. Vichy had acted on the order of the Greater Reich. This was not a conservation measure, for hats were being made from all sorts of obsolete and unrationed materials. It was a confession: women's hats had been recognized by the Germans as a psychological weapon. And the Germans did not like it. Women smiled again. They had scored another hit.

Placed against its background of hunger and of empty streets, of clicking Gestapo boots and roaring Allied bombers, the battle of the hats takes on a poignant meaning. The woman in Paris is thin and worn. She has lost an average of twenty to thirty pounds. Children are threatened with tuberculosis.

What the Parisienne must do is to play the game. The game is to pretend that the invader is not there, that all he does cannot even reach her. Tears and sleepless nights are none of his business. So she tries to look gay and succeeds.

Broadly a Berlin commentator broadened to his fellow-countrymen: "German soldiers are looking in astonishment at the elegant Parisiennes on their bicycles. They are stunned by the carefree unconcern of these women while Europe is in flames."

The invader does not understand. Or may he pretends not to. For he must know what every Parisian, every Frenchman thinks of. He must know that people are counting the days, hours, minutes, and that the time is near when, in a million different tones, dust-covered soldiers amid tears of joy will be shouting: "People of France, we are here!"

### HAIR YE! HAIR YE!

Sometime, somewhere, in the struggle for higher learning it seems to me a wise old pedagogue mentioned that one should state the topic of one's discussion. Whether 'tis so or not, I cannot say—but to get everyone straight I'd like to bare my soul on "The career girl's coiffure" or "No messes in the tresses." Now, generally speaking, hair seems to fall in two classes (mine just falls).

Take color, for instance. Two. Blondes and brunettes. Naturally (or unnaturally) there are varying shades—but we won't treat these; they disagree with my grouping.

However, one that can't be ignored is the red-top—the odd one creeps in no matter what (no reference to personality there, Torrance).

The next group is the nature—again two—straight or curled.

Style—two again—up or down. Having once typed your hair into either one or the other of its possibilities, you can decide on "the do."

But this is silly, as I'm writing this as a nurse, for the nurses and by the nurses (this close proximity compels truthfulness), and any attempt at originality brings forth the uplifted eyebrow and other facial contortions.

This usually suffices, but should there exist a gal with soul so dead who still imagines hair adorns the head, she is promptly relegated to the confines of a net. Failing this, drastic measures, I'm sure, would be in order, and any wisp of hair still undaunted and audacious enough to attempt a curl would doubtless perish with its owner. The brush

## Probie Plights

Contrary to popular belief, the probies are becoming social butterflies—twice in the past two weeks have we donned our finery and marched forth from Steve's! On the first occasion our self-esteem was raised considerably by a tea which the Women's Auxiliary of the Hospital held, just for us. On the second, we were granted free late leaves to entertain the navy, at the annual Ditty Bag Dance. The doors of St. Steve's were thrown open to the sailors, and woe to the hapless student who had tracked mud on the living room carpet! While some nurses still have stars in their eyes, and others are still treating their feet, the enthusiasm displayed by both nurses and sailors leaves little to be desired.

Much to the relief of everyone involved, the feud has ended! Truce was called the other day, when the opponents ran out of fiendish ideas. No more missing combs and toothbrushes; no more nights of sneezing brought on by a few stubborn Lux flakes which refused to be shaken out of sheets; no more panic at 6:45 a.m. inspired by elusive shoelaces. The peace which now reigns seems to be almost dull.

Another of our classmates increased our prestige last week, when she was asked by a patient for some shaving water. The willing probie who rushed out and brought back a soup bowl full of water, made us all proud.

The ghostly pajama party held on Halloween night was undoubtedly the quietest affair witnessed in the history of probie classes. The only noise occurred when a white-clad, one-eyed figure burst in at 1:30 and produced mob hysteria. For once, our house mother was forced to assume responsibility for the row.

This week, for the second time in the last month, the two idiots on the third floor blew another fuse, and plunged the floor into darkness. The probies, who suffer the indignity of curling their hair in the dark, and retiring at 8:30 in the inky blackness, are on the point of rebellion. One more of these firework displays may even cause another feud!

## English Diaries and Journals

I like slim volumes, slender volumes, perhaps because they contrast so markedly with the thick slabs of textbooks we are used to. "English Diaries and Journals," by Kate O'Brien, published in 1943 by William Collins of London, is a book of fifty pages, with eight plates in color and 19 illustrations in black and white. It is one of a series of books under the general heading "Britain in Pictures."

Kate O'Brien begins with the hard saying that the best English diaries have been written by bores. "A bore has been defined as a person who mentions everything. Face to face with us, across the fireplace or the dining table, the exponent of the art is very nearly intolerable; but at the remove which lies between a writer and a reader, he who in life might have been our plague becomes our entertainer, and sometimes more than that—a light, a lamp, a gentle, accidental resurrector for a while, of what had been cold and dead."

The author, in her fifty pages, gives a few details of the life and works of twenty diarists and journalists. Her task, she says, is the pleasant one of discussing her own preferences and dislikes among diarists, rather than gravely and detachedly composing a concise history of the diary. She holds to a loosely chronological order, reviewing diarists and their diaries as they come. Beginning with Sir William Dugdale (1605-1686) and ending with Katherine Mansfield, she adheres to her opening statement as she meant it; that is, that the best and most typical English diarists would probably have been bores if they had not kept diaries. The women diarist are a special case, however, because, the author points out, they very

cut then is your best bet. This creates a very favorable impression—two inches is considered the best length. An occasional glance in the mottled old mirror will keep the individual shafts erect and eliminates the need for curlers.

For those more conservative who still cherish the thought of looking human, try a short shingle in that thatch, having no end longer than three inches. More than that is considered radical.

As to parting—here I go. However, before giving the subject the brush-off, just a word to the would-be nurses with shoulder bobs. "Treasure those shorn locks. Oh, gentle reader, do not commit them to the flames or discard them in the dust-bin." Save that curl—tie it up with blue ribbon and stow it far away with the lavender and moth balls 'n baby shoes—a link with the past.

Co-ed—What's the difference between dancing and marching? Freshman—I don't know. Co-ed—I didn't think you did. Let's sit down.

Incorrect—Shall Us take a taxi, dear?

Correct—Shall Us walk, toots?

## FASCINATING WOMEN

By Jean Anderson

For forty-six years Dorothy Dix has been chief adviser to the lover-lorn and counsellor to all. Dorothy Dix is one of the best known names in the United States, but is one of the least known women.

Behind the advice which Dorothy gives to others, lie not only her forty-six years of experience, but a personal life with its own trials and tragedy.

Just five years after the end of the Civil War, Dorothy was born Elizabeth Meriwether. She was born on the boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee. The impoverished Meriwethers didn't have enough money to send their children to school, but Elizabeth substituted an appetite for good books for a formal education.

At twenty, Elizabeth married George O. Gilmer, who, within a year of the marriage, became afflicted with a mental ailment. He never recovered from it, but lived on for thirty-five years, during which time Elizabeth supported and nursed him. Young Mrs. Gilmer's neighbor was a newspaper woman, an unusual occupation at that time. Elizabeth obtained a job on the latter's newspaper. Within a few years she became a Sunday columnist with the pen name of Dorothy Dix.

After a great deal of indecision over what to write about, Dorothy decided to "tell the women the truth." This began her famous column, which originally was intended for women. In it, Dorothy Dix proclaimed that women, too, can stand some improvement, that parents are not infallible, that marriage is a matter of equal partnership.

Later, Dorothy accepted a job on the New York Journal, a publication of the famous William Randolph Hearst. For his paper, Mrs. Gilmer covered big murder cases and became the most famous of the murder-trial reporters. After years of this, she gave up regular reporting in 1917 to devote herself to her column. Later, she left New Orleans to live in New York, where she still lives.

Every day Mrs. Gilmer receives hundreds of letters, which are a

never-ending source of material for the Dorothy Dix columns.

Many of the letters can be taken care of automatically. All the proposals are rejected. The "lonely hearts" who want names and addresses of people they can write to must be told that Dorothy Dix never gives out names or addresses.

Others want miscellaneous information. One woman wrote: "Please send me the name of a lying-in hospital, or better still, a reformatory, so I can learn to reform while lying in."

Dorothy receives just as many letters from men and boys as from women and girls. For that reason, Dorothy's column is now written for the benefit of both sexes.

The academic world has recognized the value of these letters. The psychiatric faculty of a famous medical university wrote: "We are just bookish men who do not really know life. May we read your mail?" Mrs. Gilmer sent them bundles of it.

Mrs. Gilmer's principal thought is to help people in the job of living, getting along, being happy, and being useful in the world. She attempts to give fresh hope to tired and discouraged people, and to preach the gospel of common-sense.

Dorothy Dix has received many amusing letters. One bewildered girl wrote: "I have found out that the man I am engaged to is already married. Do you think I would be justified in breaking our engagement?" Another problem was: "I am a fifty-year old man in love with a woman who already has a husband. Please suggest the quickest and most humane way of getting rid of same." One wife writes: "My husband is always especially attentive on holidays. On Valentine's Day he gave me a broken nose."

Such is the life of a "lovelorn" columnist.

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12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Curtain Going Up.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Life of General Smuts.  
8:30—French Adult Education.  
9:00—Evening Music.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

**Tuesday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Men of Music.  
6:45—Men of Music.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—Behind the Headlines.  
8:30—Songs of Empire, CBC.  
9:00—Citizens Forum, CBC.  
9:15—Citizens Forum, CBC.

**Wednesday**  
12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Treasure Trove.  
7:00—Musical Hour.  
8:15—World of Science.

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8:30—Theatre Time.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

### Thursday

12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
4:45—Your Home and You.  
6:30—Gateway News.  
6:45—Choose Your World.  
7:00—Musical Hour (Organ Recital).  
8:15—Credit Unions.  
9:00—Drama.

### Friday

12:30—Prairie Farm Broadcast.  
1:00—Music Lovers Corner.  
6:30—Chimney Corner.  
6:45—Alberta Stories.  
7:00—Musical Request Hour.  
8:15—Education For Tomorrow.  
8:30—To be announced, CBC.  
9:00—Tenor and Baritone.  
9:15—Farm and Home.

### Saturday

12:00—News.  
12:30—Opera Broadcast.  
3:00—Philharmonic Symphony.

### Sunday

12:00—News.  
1:00—N.Y. Philharmonic.

On Friday, Nov. 10, at 6:45 p.m., Robert E. Gard will return to the air with stories of early days in Alberta, stories of legendary characters and famous incidents of the past, which he has collected during his stay in the province.

Don't forget to tune in the Thursday night organ recitals by Prof. L. H. Nichols—the time, 7:00 p.m. These recitals are scheduled for Nov. 9, 16, 23 and 30.

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# Features

## VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

What with cramming for November quizzes and preening himself for the onslaught of his female admirers on Waw-War Week-end, Yehudi has had comparatively little time to fasten his gossip-conscious eyes on all the interesting events around the campus. But you who are cowering in a corner in mortal dread of having your inner self revealed—better stay there. Maybe the news that happened to break through the maze of Physics which is surrounding Yehudi, was of You.

For instance, Yehudi heard from a very reliable source (a member of the Faculty of Applied Science), that Bob Robertson fell for Hermie in Tuck the other night. "Is this amazing?" you say, considering the 250 other odd souls who have done likewise. But did the others have two cups of coffee in their hands when they did so?

The Barn was a 1944 version of the proverbial Lover's Lane on Saturday night, for there Yehudi saw Murray Jacques and Shirley Auld, Jim Metcalfe and Mary Wholey, Clive Bowsby and Lois McPherson. There are, of course, those unpredictable characters who are always making it difficult for Yehudi—he just can't keep track of Archie Campbell, Lloyd Grisdale, and Frank Quigley. It seems that Quig is getting all lined up for the big week-end, and although Yehudi had his eye on Betty Graham and Marj Fazackerley, Quig beat him to the draw.

Ah Love! What would Yehudi do without it—to fill his column. The latest couple to enter that envied state of blissful, starry-eyed engagement are Keith Henry and Marguerite Hays. My, how these Tuck dates develop! Alec Richardson, likewise, has planted his pin on a girl in Calgary. Could it be that his brother Phil Delts have beaten him into matrimony to solve their impending housing shortage problem.

Late, but none the less interesting, is the news of the heroism and nobility of Ian McBride, who so admirably took care of Lois McPherson when the rugby team was in Saskatchewan.

"Toujours l'amour" says Asta Zuckerberg at the House Dance Saturday night. (Of course, she could have been brushing up on French 598 with that little navy man from Quebec.) Frances Warshawski is still all at sea from the boat ride she took with that tall, handsome tar Saturday night. And Yehudi has it on the level from the milkman on 104th Street that The Gateway's Day Editor, Helen Plasteras, vows the sunrise was gorgeous Sunday morning. And Yehudi would like to know whether Don Read considers his date Wednesday night as field work, or does it come under the category of missionary activities? Murray Stewart is looking pale and interesting these days. Could it be that he is trying to ward off an attack of heart trouble?

Sometimes it occurs to me  
That there's a possibility  
When Wordsworth wrote  
The Idiot Boy  
It was an autobiography!  
—Mia Culpa.

### FLASH!

The Deacon returns to the campus next week.  
Ed. Note: We hope.

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## The ...

Padded ...

Cell ...

By THE SPHINX

The guards here have been kind enough to leave me with the odd copy of Canada's Other Great Newspaper, and in it I find stories on the various B.M.O.C. under the title, "Campus Personalities, You Should Know Them." I find it both interesting and entertaining: Hark ye all unto the plea Of Hollick-Kenyon, Marylea— "Won't someone kindly feed The Orphan An ample overdose of morphan?" However, being a devotee of my neighbor in the next cell, Zadoo, I am about to add a short list of campus personalities of whom all might profitably acquire cognizance, a list of O.M.O.C. and L.M.O.C., who will probably feel not in the least complimented. Well, you wanted free speech! Any similarity between unnamed characters in what follows and living persons should be reported to the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Thought that nothing could be sweeter  
That living in a pumpkin shell,  
So now he's keeping very well.

Even though my padded walls  
I hear his story from the halls.  
And this is known by every bumpkin,  
There are no windows in a pumpkin.

Peter's creaky in the joints!  
President Wilson had fourteen points.

And with apologies to Baroness Orczy:

They seek him here,  
They seek him there,  
In Saskatoon and everywhere.  
Of Someplace Else  
He's a permanent resident,  
That damned elusive  
Union President.

"Tonnerre de Brest!" said Teddy Bear,  
"We are not got to anywhere!  
Our circle is too much a party,  
We should be—how you say, more arty!"

"The spirit of Democracy  
Is telling the majority  
What to do and how to do it—  
Here's my program, let's you do it!"

So Teddy's warm and friendly heart

Gave his cubs their happy start,  
They carry on with savor faire  
Just as long as Teddy's there.

Joe had music in his soul  
Burning like a fiery coal—  
Music of now, whose vibrant thrum  
Told a tale of things to come.

But those there were in higher place  
Who found a frown upon their face,  
To sing of present, not of past—  
And so the negative vote was cast.

"The students should no music plug  
Unless it be some weighty fugue."  
And they sewed it up with final suture—  
"We will not tolerate the future!"

If you think, sir, I write in Iambic Pentameter,  
You are wrong, sir, I write in Idontig Adameter!

I'm sure of this—  
That Ernest Gander  
Will never be sued  
For libel or slander.  
Unless incautiously he bandy  
Words with K. Mohandas Gandhi.  
But many who read  
May wonder awhile  
At the cause of the Sphinx's  
Inscrutable smile.

If Ogden Nash were here I am sure  
he would have something to add  
on the topic of Dr. Fell,  
Whom he does not like for reasons  
he is only too delighted to tell.  
The Dr. Fell of whom I am thinking  
is an eminent psychologist  
Who where I am concerned would  
look most appropriate on the pin  
of an enthusiastic entomologist.  
For he has been heard to say that  
without a problem there can be  
no learning.

And that every child who encounters  
a problem sets into it with  
his heart going pit-a-pat, his head  
a-whirl and his forehead simply  
burning.

Now I have spent many years getting  
Alberta's Progressive Educational System,  
And if there were any problems like  
that in grade six, well, I guess I  
must have missed 'em.

No problem ever made my little  
heart go pit-a-pat or my knees  
wobble till I got to the eleventh  
grade,  
And then the problem wasn't set  
by an educational psychologist,  
no, it was set by a slim and  
pretty dark-haired maid.

I am now just a few months short of  
completing what might be called  
by some an illiberal education,  
And I have met my emotional stimulations  
which were no problem  
and from which I learned much,  
and many problems from which I  
have learned nothing and got no  
emotional stimulation.

So I am publicly inviting Dr. Fell,  
If he still thinks problems and learnings  
go together to come up to my  
little cell.

I guarantee emotional stimulation,  
And you can answer for the education.

For I propose to tie both his hands  
fast to his feet and hobble him,  
And we'll just wait and see what he  
learns from that kind of problem.

### QUESTION NOT ...

Do not ask why  
or when  
or what  
about this life  
you have  
to live ... Alone  
yours the strife. ...  
Sorrow  
Grief  
... for what end?  
A next world?

Hurled  
from space  
for a breathing  
moment, ...  
Then on ...  
Once dust ...  
Always ...  
So it remains.  
Ask not why  
or whence ...  
No sense  
can tell thee. ...

O. J. R.

Student—I don't think I deserve  
a zero.  
Professor—Neither do I, but it's  
the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.

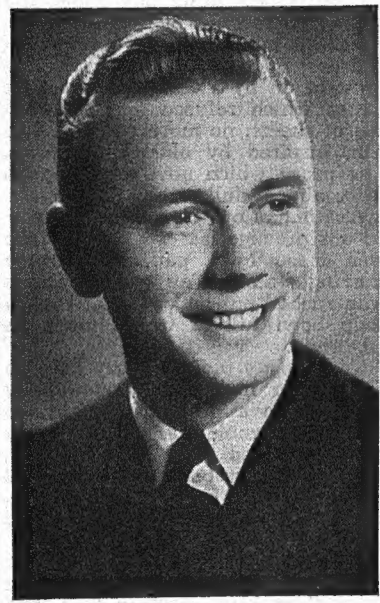
## Campus Personalities

--- YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM

No, kids, that is not a fashion plate out of Esquire, not the latest model from Bond Street, but Jack Jorgens, our own rugby maestro, that you have seen striding so purposefully about this campus.

They hung his first bonnet on him in Calgary one April day in 1920. For the next eight years he grew and thrived in the gentle zephyrs of the ancestral estate, or ranch, near Nanton, Alberta. No childhood anecdotes were forthcoming; all he would admit was that he was "a bad child."

His high school days were distinguished principally for the time he spent outside school playing football, hockey, baseball, basketball, the fool and the radio. During Grade XII



he majored on all the teams at Western Canada High School in Calgary, and was president of the Students' Union at the same institution. He was on the team which won the senior championship that season. Jack claims that this is where he developed his muscle. We hope he has more than one.

The Jorgens family kept talking about Varsity to their infant son, inculcating the idea into his very blood and bones—so Jack tells this department—that he eventually got the point, and not knowing any better at the time, came up to Varsity and took Agriculture; in fact, became one of the shining lights of that faculty. Especially when he sent his blond toupee to the laund-

A certain third year engineer has done a great deal this year towards boosting Varsity spirit and giving the Golden Bears the heartiest support they have had in recent years. That ball of fire that sparked the cheer-squad was no less than Ernie ("Cannonball") Cuddy, five foot three of energy.

Ernie did his first yelling about a mile east of the campus, arousing the studies in the library in February, 1924. At three we find him going out homesteading in a covered wagon, out to the Peace River—to Grannie's farm, we suspect. A year or so later, he began to yearn for the bright lights again, and came back to town where he went steady with the three Wilson sisters (i.e., Betty, Joan and Pat) until he was six. At that point his mother insisted he get down to studying for his grade one finals. This ended Ernie's first bout with romance.

He threw rocks and played ball in the yard of King Edward School for eight years, then moved to Seena, where he saw the lovely Garneau girls, and consequently quit sports for more interesting pursuits.

One day his board of governors thought something should be done to get him really fed up with women, i.e., send him to business college. Ernie opposed this policy by climbing a tree and immediately falling out, breaking several bones.

After high school, Ernie beat the streets and got work with a farmer, hardware outfit, and spent the next year shipping binders to the local yokels. This was just a breather, so Ernie soon pulled away the hay from his curly hair and the burrs from his loud plaid socks, to become a freshman Engineer, the pillar of the E.S.S. in 1942. He went to their movies, smoked their weeds, and imbibed the customary beverage. In return he played fullback (or way back) for the Engineers. That being the first year of the Campus Cram Campaign, he beat the books a large part of the year.

That summer Ernie met the love of his life, namely, the petroleum industry. He ran oil tests for a company which moved over all the nearby fields, testing and recording samples. He came back greasy but happy, determined to become a petroleum engineer.

In his second year, the E.S.S. promoted him to holding down the train on Rom Helmer's dress in the Engineers' Parade. Ernie wore his ordinary drapes, and alleges that the kids kept tell him, "You can take off your mask and your costume now, Ernie, the parade is all over." He again beat about the pigskin for his faculty and for the Junior Golden Bears, and was on the Sophomore executive.

This fall his brothers over at the Phi Kap house, looking for a cheer leader, yelled at him, "Cannonball, you're it!" Ernie loves the job,

dry. Now in his fourth and final year, Jack maintains that he's still the shy, retiring character. (Ed. Note: Yeah?) While playing football in his freshman year, the hero of this tale broke a leg while being unwound from the goal-post, and subsequently spent a month or more in hospital. As soon as he sat up and began to ogle the nurses, they deported him back to the campus, where he tottered around on crutches the rest of the year. This incident understandably rather damped his order for that form of organized mayhem known as rugby, and his efforts have been turned to the golf links ever since.

Jack's executive ability came to the fore during his second year, as he became secretary to the M.A.B. manager of Interfac basketball, and was the assistant manager with the senior rugby string of that season. A positively pyrotechnic color night in the spring of 1942 featured Jorgens as an able master of ceremonies. Next year he received an Executive "A" award in recognition of his service to U. of A. He became president of football that year also, and his second term of office has gone to show what can be done for rugby at Alberta by an experienced hand at the helm. The thankless post and the worry chair were his last year as Schedule Man. Jack admits with a gleam in his eye that he had "an excellent time" in Saskatoon for the Hardy Cup game—more he would not say. (Ed. Note: We wonder why?)

While in the prairie metropolis, Jack surveyed the Varsity student government system, and came back full of praise about "the way they aren't afraid to go ahead and do things, and the co-operative attitude of all at U. of S. . . wonderful Union offices. . . a staff member who fosters each sport through the year. . ." and so on enthusiastically.

Your reporter attempted to be very subtle, but John Jorgens is apparently accustomed to this and undecieved—he only remarked, "I've got an ideal woman, honey, and she's all picked out." Did we hear it said that he prefers Thetas?

Shopping about to find out his vicies disclosed that the only one he hasn't got is smoking. This is all he would say, kids.

From this record in rugby and other sports, it is plain that Varsity will have lost a wonderful booster when Jack Jorgens joins the ranks of the Alumni this spring.

especially seeing the girls have fun; especially seeing the girls. He finds his gang extremely co-operative in doing the best they can to pep up our Varsity games. Of course, this is natural, since the squad was picked for spirit, looks and (need we add?) glamor.

Ernie's paramount ambition is to journey to greener fields, notably those bearing oil, in Iran, Persia and other outlandish places, where they grow the stuff. He admits he is the domestic type, and this department suspects a strong ulterior motive,



such as the usual harem of the East, to be at the bottom of this "away to places far and fiendish" line of action. Another thing: all the harem beauties must be under five feet tall. Ernie's most horrible nightmares are about those "run and grab" dances where he is swept off by some muscular job standing five foot ten in her sturdy brogues; she waves him several times around the room, and finally deposits his battered form on an convenient chandelier.

Ernie is on the executive of the Junior Class this year, so we don't see how they can lose with lil' ole Cannonball in there helping to run things.

"Why are you taking that whistle with you tonight?"  
Co-ed: "I have a date with a football player."

Missionary—Would you care to join up in the new missionary movement

Miss Ala Mode—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox trot?

Freshman registration—Name of parents: "Mamma and papa."

## DEAR JO

By Ken Crockett

Somewhere in India.

Dear Jo:

An Indian cremation is a sight you would never want to miss seeing, but having witnessed it once, you would never want to see it again.

Cremation is an absolute necessity in India. For here you have 300,000,000 Hindus in a land where the average expectation of life is twenty-five years. Imagine the difficulty of finding 300,000,000 new graves every quarter of a century. In the course of a few thousand years there would scarcely be any ground left to stand on.

One morning recently, I climbed into an open-air taxi to visit a burning ghat (that means "Place of") on the Hooghly River. Just as I arrived, a funeral party was making its way along the street. The corpse, shrouded in a white cotton cloth, lay on a bamboo stretcher, carried on the shoulders of four sweating coolies. The sheet was all but covered with flowers, principally of the sacred marigold type—the bright yellow blossoms of an Indian tree.

The funeral party pushed its way through the ever-present crowd of beggars, and a shower of coins was tossed into the air for the beggars to fight and scramble after. The stretcher-bearers proceeded directly through the open roofed ghat, down the long flight of stone steps into the muddy yellow waters of the Hooghly River. The Hooghly is a branch of the sacred river Ganges, and hence is held to be sacred too. The body, stretcher and all, was immersed in the water to cleanse the body and soul of sin. Then the man was carried into the burning ghat with the wet cloth clinging to the contours of his body like a cotton bathing suit.

Let me digress from the actual ceremony for a minute to give you an idea of what a typical burning ghat looks like. It is a surprisingly small building facing the river, long, low, brick-walled, and without a roof. It is divided into four enclosures or "rooms," each of which approximates the size of a Canadian box car. Each enclosure will accommodate four pyres simultaneously. Two shallow gutters run the length of the rooms. Women are cremated in a separate part of the ghat. A small shrine is just outside the ghat for worship.

To continue with the ceremony. The stretcher was placed on the ground near the intended site of the pyre. Coolies then brought in dried, twisted roots and branches the thickness of your forearm. These they knitted very loosely together in criss-crossing layers over the gutter until the rectangular-shaped pile was about waist high.

Then members of the dead man's family slid their arms under the body, lifted him clear of the stretcher and carried him over to the pyre, where they placed him on his back. (Women are laid face down according to Hindu religious custom.) The clinging cotton cloth was turned back to expose the head and shoulders. Across the dead man's forehead closely crowded Hindu prayers were printed in a gray, ashy-looking substance.

This particular man was quite young, about thirty years old. He couldn't have been dead very long, for rigor mortis had not set in. The men about the pyre tried to put his head with the face looking up at the sky, but it persistently lolled to one side or the other as the restraining hand was released. Finally his head was fixed in the required position by two pieces of wood.

Well, Jo, at this stage members of the family brought forward a bowl containing bananas mixed with the five sacred properties of the sacred cow (namely, butter, milk, ghee, urine and dung). This mixture they

forced into the dead man's mouth, between his lips, up his nostrils, in his eyes, and matted in his hair. The mixture acts as a kindler to ensure that the head burns more easily. The wet cloth was then removed and a clean white cotton sheet was spread completely over the body. Two more layers of criss-crossing dried roots were placed on top of the sheet.

Well, Jo, next week I shall tell you of the actual cremation. So until then, ta-ta for now.

Sincerely,

KEN.

Editor's Note: Ken has just returned from India, where he served with the R.C.A.F.

## Newman Club Holds Party

The Newman Club Halloween Party was held in St. Joe's gym, which was suitably decorated for the occasion.

The evening began early with a scavenger hunt, followed by original skits, songs, and ditties between dances. Refreshments were then served to hilarious members, who left before midnight the fatal hour.

Those credited for the organization of the program are Jim Murphy and Phillip Filippelli, who were assisted by other inmates of St. Joe's.

### LOST

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## SLIDE-RULE SLANTS

At last this column has taken a turn for the better—it is to be written in Basic English, that all, including the none-too-bright Engineers, may understand.

By now, you should have guessed that this week's "slants" are not the product of the Engineers—no, sir. At last the Meds have been given the chance. The Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway has recently received many complaints about the calibre of the Engineers' write-up. Feeling his conscience would bother him if he did not remedy the situation, he sought the Meds—those men of thought, vigor and resourcefulness. Thank you, Mr. Editor. During the conversation, the Editor exclaimed, "All that stuff the Engineers print is strictly from the Kiddies program." Of course, we could do nothing but agree.

Many first year students may not be sufficiently educated to the ways of our campus, as yet, to be able to tell who are the Meds. Well, Bub, they are those tall handsome gentlemen you see traipsing around in khaki battle-dress with red flashes on their hats and arms. These red flashes simply mean that the wearers voted Liberal in the last Dominion elections, and are expected to do so in the next. Besides these flashes the Meds wear the large R.C.A.M.C. on their broad shoulders, which means Royal Canadian "Active" Medical Corps—the GS on their left arm denotes "Good Subject" for any girl's attention.

Of course, if anyone is still doubtful of the med's status on the campus—let them ask the girls, for they are the ones who really appreciate us—really! They like the Meds because they are so gentlemanly, so strong, so healthy, and because they are such good sports.

Sports! I shouldn't have mentioned that, for it is a sore point with our Engineering friends, after suffering such humiliating defeats on the grid from the Meds, who copped

the Interfac rugby championship from the "Farmers," to no one's surprise. And so it is with every sports—always the Meds come out ahead of the Engineers. It is too bad that such a large faculty as Engineering cannot gather enough talent to send out one strong team. They had so many men dressed for their rugby games that the grid looked like a political rally—yet their team, confidentially. But, then, what do you expect when they send out boys to do a man's job.

And the same thing will happen this year in the Interfac Basketball League. It is so monotonous for the Meds to be constantly on the winning team. Oh, me! I suppose it must go on.

We suppose everyone knows that the Meds Ball is to be held this Wednesday, Nov. 8. This is the biggest affair of the year on our campus—so the girls say. The difference between this and the Engineers' Ball are that the Meds do not allow boys to attend, everyone wears shoes, and we do not take our scalpels, scissors and forceps down to the Barn for displays. And then, there is the greatest difference of all, that is, that the ladies enjoy the Meds' company.

We have finally come to understand what the boys mean when they sing "We can, we can, we can drink forty beers"—it's a pity the whole E.S.S. couldn't down at least 40.

It has been a pleasure to be instrumental in bringing some joy to readers of this otherwise dreary column, and providing them with the hope that some time in the future they may once again be lifted out of the depths of the illiterate and join us in the joy and power which comes with the use of the English language—a guest writeup.

Thank you—we are glad that you are at least happy and full of hope.

## Just a Thought

By J. E. Gander

Perhaps the election in the United States has no connection with the University of Alberta, but somehow a connection seems to exist. Especially when the election is considered through the medium of American students. Every letter that comes from students in the States is devoted almost entirely to the forthcoming election. Let me give you some examples.

"We are practically having fist fights on the campus over the election, and have organized a committee for F.D.R. and one for Dewey. We wanted a faculty sponsor\* for each committee, and the poor little Deweyites can't find a faculty member who's for Dewey—surprisingly enough the majority of the students are for Dewey—of course, it is reflection from their parents, who are capitalists that F.D.R. has taken down a peg or two. I respect the Dewey fan if she can argue on facts and be tolerant—I am sorry, because she says that foreign policy is not the first issue in the future. . . . What does Canada think about the elections?"

"Since I am now twenty-one, I shall be old enough to vote for President Roosevelt on Nov. 7. Our family is a hostile camp, as my folks are voting for Buster (Dewey) and my sister and I are both pro-Roosevelt. I wonder if politics are really the delicate issue in Canada that they are here. Conversations open with a declaration of one's party; they virtually close if you're in the "wrong" party. Jokes about the candidates are very prominent in social circles. After a joke, part of the company laughs uproariously, while the other part remains grimly sober-faced. . . . and I make talks saying that we must cease this suspicious, hostile attitude toward other countries, and co-operate\* . . . I am succeeding in making the issue of foreign policy prominent in the discussions at—"

Now, reflect for a moment on how interested the average University of Alberta student is in the policy of the Canadian Federal government. Or for that matter, how interested he is in a few controversial issues around the University. Do not say that we have not got in Canada the vital issues over which the election in the States is being fought. Not when we have the Anglo-French problem (not the French problem), the zombie problem, the airways question, and a few other important matters to concern us. Why the difference in interest? And even so, Latin-American and European students often accuse the United States students of apathy toward the world around them. That is in comparison with the often violent interest that students of the former two classifications take in their countries.

Why, too, the other day did a professor who found himself in a position in which it was necessary to comment on a past political action, have to make certain that he could not be accused of showing Liberal or Conservative preferences?

The above questions have been argued and discussed for years. But if anyone has arrived at a correct solution, nothing has been done to alter the situation.

The most frequently heard excuse is that the organization of our university system is such that the student body is subservient to the Faculty members, who in turn are under the thumb of a Board of Governors, who are more or less responsible to the Provincial Government and public opinion. While the excuse contains a large measure of truth, surely the result should not be in one in which neither student nor professor can express an opinion. If such is the case, then something is drastically wrong with our system. Students leaving university should

be leading figures in knowledge and interest in politics, economics, and international relations. If our members of parliament are to be chosen either from the group of interested but untrained people (whose interest may be entirely self-interest), or from the rare collection of partly-trained lawyers, who for one reason or another find their way to Parliament Hill, then it would seem as if the basis for selection is far too narrow.

Why do students shrug their shoulders in helplessness when saying that they approve of some action, but can see no purpose to be gained by expressing approval when the matter will not be decided by student opinion?

Why, for example, at the Philosophy, when a question is asked, does the answer frequently come as from the Oracle of Delphi? Questions are seldom followed up, or the point argued. (Too little time?)

Think over what there is in our system or in the Canadian atmosphere that enables so many people and so many universities to be quite disinterested in anything but an issue of earthquake-like dimensions. More about it later.

\*Emphasis mine.  
†It is a girl's college.

## Nevada Wolves . . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

basketball team participates in a local league and when out-of-town games are arranged, the Army, Navy and Marine bases look after transportation difficulties.

Queried about the possibilities for post-war Canadian-American intervarsity sport, both Ty Cobb and Coach Aiken signified Nevada's willingness to arrange a series. "With the backing our students get from Reno citizens, it is highly probable that a series could be arranged," they said.

Highly interested in the recent victory of the Golden Bears, several members of the Wolf pack voiced regret that a series hadn't been arranged during their Canadian visit. At that they have been feted by Clippers and kept on the move since their 8-hour flip across the border. Last year the Wolves won four games, lost one and tied one, and played until they had no more players. They have been acclaimed by American sports writers for their tenacious efforts to field their club. The Nevada campus is large and picturesque, with its red brick, colonial styled buildings. All types of courses and degrees may be obtained there, but the University is best known for its Engineering Course. Its student newspaper, "The Sagebrush," is a weekly edition. Betty Molonini, comely Nevada co-ed, is the paper's Editor-in-Chief. Apparently the co-eds publish the news, while the fellows try to keep athletics on the up-swing. Betty is the first woman student to take over the duties of Editor at Nevada, and according to the Wolves, she is really good.

"We've had a great trip. We like Canada, and it's our hope that a series can definitely be arranged between Nevada and the University of Alberta next year," said Aiken.

Pleased to have won their game Monday, most of the players were looking forward to getting back Tuesday in time to partake of election festivities, and were waiting for the weather to clear for the return hop.

DAISIES!  
ONLY SEVEN MORE DAYS  
TO GET YOUR JOE!

## Med Society News

The main faculty on the campus has, at long last, condescended to disclose details of its functioning to the reading public and the few existing literate Engineers. Therefore, the Medical Undergraduate Society undertakes at this point to set out a synopsis of its activity to date and hint at forthcoming functions.

Firstly, we would like to announce events of importance soon to take place.

Regarding the annual change of executive of the M.U.S., nominations have been received and posted by A. W. Mooney (sec.-treas.), which read as follows:

A.—Executive of M.U.S.:  
Pres.: P. J. E. Kimmitt.  
Vice-Pres.: R. C. B. Corbet.  
Sec.-Treas.: R. S. Fraser.  
Council Rep.: W. C. Stewart.

All the above-mentioned were elected to their respective positions by acclamation.

Women's Rep.:  
M. C. Armeay,  
J. M. Brown,  
Z. H. Hoar.

The above to be voted on by women medical students of all years.

Fifth Year Rep.:  
L. H. Edwards,  
H. MacKinnon.  
To be voted on by members of the fourth year class only.

Fourth Year Class Rep.:  
C. M. Fletcher,  
D. G. Ulrich.

One to be elected by the third year students:

B.—C.A.M.S.I. Committee:  
Chairman: A. W. Mooney.  
Interne Chairman: R. C. Corbet.  
Sec.-Treas.: R. N. Robertson.  
(All acclaimed.)

Voting will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 8, in the Conn Memorial Room, between 9:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. Only women students of all years and members of the third and fourth years will vote to elect the women's rep. and the class reps, respectively.

The Canadian Association of Medical Students and Internes will hold a convention in Montreal from Nov. 8 to 11, inclusive. The points to be discussed include: The Health Insurance Act, The Medical Curricula, Interne conditions and salaries, and Preferential Internships for war-time graduates, who have served as medical officers in the Armed Forces. The recently elected C.A.M.S.I. executive left Saturday evening to represent the Alberta Medical School at this conference. They will present a report on the proceedings and decisions reached, at the next meeting of the M.U.S.

Among the past events of this session are included: the M.U.S. meeting and banquet, introducing first year students, held Oct. 2; and two special meetings called by Past President Dick Corbet to appoint C.A.M.S.I. representatives.

## THE WAILING WALL

by zadoc

One day I am sitting in The Gateway office, just sitting, minding nobody else's business for a change and a rest, when, with the suddenness of a clap of loose false teeth, comes the Editor. Now, I will admit that it probably helps the worthy paper very little that I am sitting in this way, but on second thought, I am at least as harmless as the piles of back issue Gateways known to the trade as "mailers" which are all ready to go out except for a mailing list, wrappers, stamps and labor. But the Editor obviously has an idea of some kind (as is very often the case with editors), and so I cringe expectantly, thinking to be swept into the nearest strategic waste-basket, an unwitting victim of the "Clean-up, Keep-the-Office-Tidy Campaign."

The Editor, however, has a rather less happy thought at the moment, and thrusting a wad of crumpled-up paper into my hand, says as follows: "Hey, you, how about typing this?" There being really no good reply to this kind of a challenge such as "Sorry, but I left my typewriter at home," or "I'm bigger than you know . . ." etc., which have proven sufficient in the past, there is nothing for it but to start the job.

All of which leads us to our topic for today—"Green hands, nobody wants them," or "How to become expert in the Hunt and Punch System, though you have gangrene in all but two fingers and a thumb."

For many years now it has been freely assumed that the acme of unacceptability in the better circles is to have red, dish-pan hands. Now, however, it is coming to be realized that red, dish-pan hands, far from being a nightmare life in death, may instead be a bright badge of honor. Did you know? Your roughened, reddened, coarse and colored extremities are proof indisputable that you are as good as the kitchen

help any day, even if they are served their breakfast in bed. But green hands at a typewriter! Why, you may be accused of being sand in the spinach of progress, a nick in the face of time! We offer hope for you. You, too, can be an impeccable hunt-and-puncher!

Lesson I.—Master the keyboard. Many people fail to grasp the importance of this fundamental principle. AAs our forefathers so neatly put it, not knowing what they said, "Mind your P's and Q's." Mastering the keyboard is the first sine qua non (or, don't look now, but I can't find the "z," etc.) of the Hunt and Punch system. If a real effort is made we think you should be ready to proceed to Lesson II in two weeks.

Which brings us back to that patient man, the Editor. As I am flashing along over his paper, and, at the end of 4 min. and 32 sec., am nearly at the place where the bell should ring for the end of the first round, seeing my noble effort to that point, replete with xxx's and back-spacing, the Editor, muttering and glowering, tears the sheet out of the machine, crumples us both up into a tight wad (cf. Dictionary, under Wad, tight, for adequate description), and throws us both into the nearest strategic waste-basket. If our friends and the local contractors can extract us from the wire meshes in time for the next column, we will proceed with Lesson II.

\*This pregnant injunction has sometimes been thought to be intended for Engineers, in reference to Pints and Quarts, but if such had been the case, the warning should have read something like "Watch your 13's and 26's." Which no slide-rule men we have ever met needs to be reminded of, anyway.



## What they achieved...we must hold

THEY HAD ENDURED POVERTY in Scotland. Many had died of typhus during long weeks at sea. All through the winter at Churchill on Hudson Bay they suffered from cold and hunger. In April they trudged 150 miles across the snow to York Factory—thence up the Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River to the Selkirk Settlement where Winnipeg now stands.

It was a whole year's journey for this little band of Selkirk Settlers—a year of constant hardships. But these hardy pioneers were willing to undergo any hardships to reach a land where their

effort and initiative could earn its reward, and where they could carve out a happy future for themselves and their children.

That is the heritage they have handed down to us. That is what we are defending in this second World War.

Victory Bonds are the means by which each Canadian can share in the war effort of his own free will. That is why Canadians have given their wholehearted support to each Victory Loan. That is why we will support the Seventh Victory Loan to the limit of our ability.



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# Basketball's Golden Bears Get Fine Start

## INTERFACULTY BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Thurs., Nov. 16—Ags vs. Dents, 8:15; Meds vs. Eng, 9:15.  
Tues., Nov. 21—Arts and Eds vs. Ags, 6:45.  
Thurs., Nov. 23—Meds vs. Dents, 8:15; Eng vs. Arts and Eds, 9:15.  
Tues., Nov. 28—Meds vs. Ags, 6:45.  
Thurs., Nov. 30—Arts and Eds vs. Dents, 8:15.  
Tues., Dec. 5—Eng vs. Ags, 6:45.  
Thurs., Dec. 7—Arts and Eds vs. Meds, 8:15; Dents vs. Eng, 9:15.  
Any student desirous of offering his services as a part-time referee for these games, please notify Reed Payne. Phone 31320. Any response will be greatly appreciated.

## SCHEDULE FOR COVERED RINK

Monday—6:30-8:00, Archery; 8:00-10:30, Fac. Bad.  
Tuesday—6:30-8:00, Archery; 8:00-10:30, Bad.  
Wednesday—6:30-8:00, Sn. B-Ball G; 8:00-10:30, Interfac G.  
Thursday—6:30-10:30, B-Ball B; 7:00-9:00, Fencing.  
Friday—6:30-8:00; 8:00-10:30, Bad.  
Saturday—1:00-2:45, Sn. B-Ball G; 3:00-5:00, Sn. B-Ball B.

\*Archery at present uses the wooden floor. However, when the backdrop is moved to the side, the Archery Club will use the tarred floor, and the Tuesday period, 6:30-8:00, will be used by Men's Senior basketball. The floor will then be available from 6:30-8:00 on Mondays and Fridays.

## Wrestlers!

The Wrestling Club has been a trifle late starting this year because of difficulties in finding a gymnasium. However, the president, Pat Kimmitt, and secretary-treasurer, Cecil Mickelson, have been busy, and the club has now taken its place as one of the most exciting sports of the campus.

With the enthusiasm shown thus far by the increasing number of members, a term of good wrestling can be expected.

The wrestling classes will be held each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 p.m. at St. Joseph's gymnasium. This will allow members to attend at least twice a week.

So if your muscles need building up, and you want to learn the masterful art, we shall be seeing you at St. Joe's gym.

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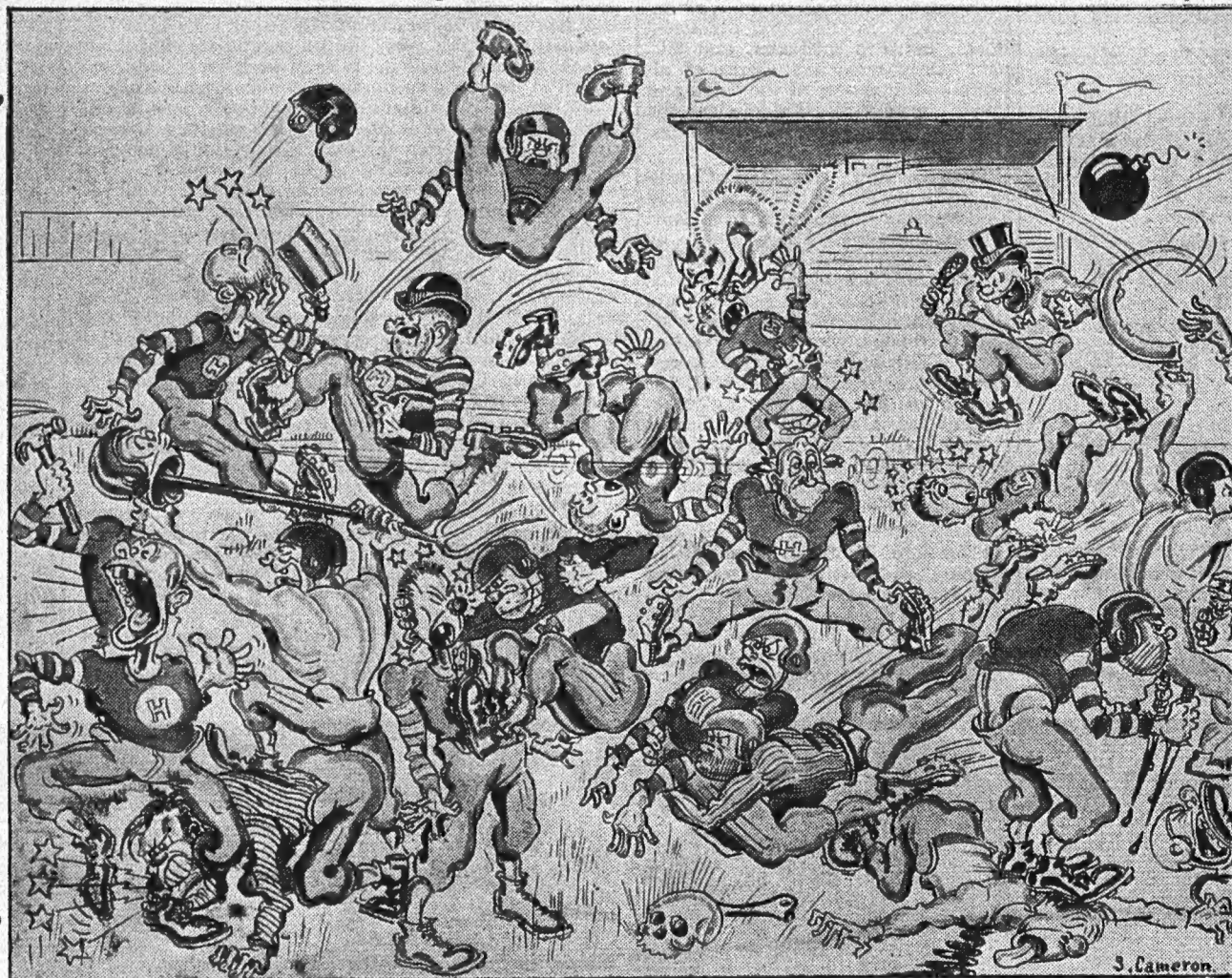
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## MED-PHARM-DENT QUIETLY WIN TROPHY, BEATING AG-ARTS-COM-ED



Delay in the write-up of the game was occasioned by difficulty in getting the above pictures developed and in getting it past the board of censors.

The Gateway has caught in action big Moose Miller charging down the field for the game-winning touchdown, shoving Reed Payne and his meat cleaver gently aside. In his wake he has left Bob Kasting, a diving star who, as we see above, never loses form, and Herb Christie, who seems to be taking things sitting down. The explosion has fired Lloyd Grisdale, who was doing the blocking, about six feet higher than the bleachers. Grisdale doesn't look particularly happy.

Over in the left-hand corner, Eldor Berg has turned the tables on Brian Dunswoth, and is giving that Dent a repair job with the farmer's standard equipment. Ron Nattress, in the left foreground, is shown putting the bite on Reed Shields. Shields is apparently uttering a protest of some sort.

## M-P-D Champs of 1944 Rugby

By Murray Stewart

For the second year in succession the Med-Pharm-Dents are Interfacultary rugby champions. On Tuesday the scalpel men downed a smooth functioning Arts-Ag-Com Law crew with a score of 6-1. Strictly opportunistic, the Bert Hall-coached Meds got quite a jump on the other faculties in the fight for the Bulletin Trophy.

The Meds were the first to draw blood, and that very soon after the start. Meds kicked off to the Aggies, with Nishio doing the kicking, and Christie the receiving. Besides getting the ball, Christie got a little illegal blocking from his over-zealous team-mates, and as a result it became Med ball on the Ag 30 yard line. Naturally, Aggie didn't like this, so they dug in to stop the Meds, and this they did for two downs. On the third down Med's little boy, Nishio, missed on an attempted field goal, but Kasting was rouged by Grisdale for one point.

On this same play Kasting, attempting (and making a darn good attempt) to run the ball out from

## ARCHERY NOTES

The Intercollegiate archery match was shot on Tuesday, Nov. 7.

The results were not ready in time for this issue, but the team which did the shooting consisted of the following girls: E. Carson, J. Hay, M. Holtsman, P. Mewha, J. Oxland, O. Oxland, M. Ramsay, and D. Smith.

behind his goal line, was met by Grisdale and thrown against the goal-post. He was helped off the field, but later, injured though he was, he returned to the field to lead several Aggie drives down the field. He proved himself a real rugby player and easily the star of the game.

The second quarter found the Ags bitterly determined to regain that one point that had been scored on them in the first. Whenever the Meds got the ball they were stopped cold by the Ag line, while on the other hand Ags were rolling up considerable ground gains in their drive for pay dirt. It was only the longer kicking of Nishio that kept the Aggie herd from trampling over the goal line for a major. As this quarter was nearing its end, the Meds fumbled on their own 45 into the waiting arms of the score-seeking farmers.

On third down, Christie booted a long one deep over the M-P-D line, Nishio picked up the elusive pellet and return-kicked it out of the danger zone. Christie received this kick and attempted to kick it back again. The referee at this point stepped in, and ruled that there had been high tackling on the play. The penalty was to allow a rouge for the Aggies, so now the score stood at 1-1.

For the whole of the third session the score remained deadlocked at 1-1 as Nishio and Christie kept the ball at mid-field with their third down kicks. The fourth quarter sped away, and still the score remained tied up, then came the break that won the game for the Meds.

The Aggies had rolled for two straight downs when a high snap eluded the Ag waiting for it and was scooped up by a Med. Forced to kick, Nishio lofted one that struck the goal-post and bounced back into the midst of the players. There seemed to be some hesitancy on the part of the Ags to claim the pigskin, so Nori slipped in and pounced on it. This made it Med first down on Ag three yard line, and a chagrined Aggie line couldn't stop Miller as he plowed over for the winning score. The convert failed,

Beside them, Dent Lappa is removing some of Varseveld's best molars. Nori Nishio has put a flying tackle on Del Steed. It looks like an effective tackle. In the lower right, Neil Duncan has disposed of Grant of the Aggies and Sleath of his own team—the latter by mistake—and is looking for more. Duncan, by the way, was unable to secure a pair of suspenders before game time.

Fierheller, with the sickle is defending himself against some Commerce student, who is armed with only a monkey wrench.

"Tomcat" James, whose hand appears, has just tossed something to Stu Robblee, standing by the sidelines. Some observers said it was a hep-cat, but Robblee has denied this.

Maurice Lamoureux is shown, on his back, receiving the stamp of approval from Dick Corbet of the Meds.

It was, in all, a game quite worth watching.

## The Aquacade

By Bill Lindsay

The Swimming Club's first gala of the year will be held on Thursday, Nov. 23. This will be an Interfacultary meet, and the list of events are as follows:

**Men**  
120 yard medley (backstroke, and freestyle).  
40 yards freestyle.  
40 yards backstroke.  
40 yards breaststroke.  
160 yards freestyle.  
160 yards relay race.  
Diving.

**Women**  
20 yards freestyle.  
20 yards backstroke.  
20 yards breaststroke.  
160 yards freestyle.  
160 yards relay race.  
Diving.  
All swimmers interested in competing still have two weeks to get in trim for these races. With such fine material as has been turning out lately this gala should be one of the best yet. To make it a real success every faculty should enter in all the events for which it is eligible. Last year the "Beermen" won the first gala of the year, but this time they will have quite a job to keep at the top. Is that right, fellows?

## Girls' Interfac. Basketball Now Well Under Way

By Sylvia Callaway

Women's Interfac basketball is under way once more. This year it can and will be better than ever, and that will really have to be something. Last year a record was set by a group of enthusiasts who showed themselves keen, full of fun, and willing to co-operate. Just ask any of last year's players.

Practices are held in the Drill Hall Wednesday nights at 8 o'clock. The first night really started things off with a bang, the turnout was bigger than ever, and all were in good spirits. The old-timers were anxious to get their hands on the ball again after such a long rest, and the beginners looked on, caught on, and went into action. Each faculty seemed to have a fair representation, and it looks as though this year we will see some good competition and fine playing.

As yet there has not been an Interfac Manager appointed, but Jackie MacKay very capably handled the supervising of affairs. The fun started with a few relays, which revived, or helped girls acquire, the skill of dribbling and shooting. The warm-up shots were followed by scrimmages, which proved to be the highlight of the evening. Teams were chosen regardless of faculty, face or fashion of play, and everybody showed just what they could do. A stray C.O.T.C. member wandering into the drill hall might think himself down on the grid rather than a basketball floor, watching the rugby players in full swing. A scrutinizing glance, however, would show the tactics to be somewhat different. As soon as the hoopsters get in trim a schedule will be drawn up, and we'll see what's what!

There are at present five prospective entries under the supervision of the Faculty Sports Reps:  
Arts—Yvette Lebel.  
House Ec.—Dorothy Smith.  
Science—  
Education—Sylvia Callaway.  
Nurses—To be elected.

If you are interested in those small things called "war hours," and compulsory sport, as most people are, you will find basketball a very enjoyable and profitable way to chalk up some. Freshettes as well as upperclass women are allowed credit this year for hours spent in campus sports.

If you are one of those people who have always looked on a basketball game and wished you could play, now is your chance—whether you know the fundamentals of the game, or even if you have never handled a basketball, you are welcome to attend the Interfac practices. All you need is your slacks, runners, some

## Pres Del Steed Pleased At Calibre of Prospects

By Reed Shields

Seventeen ball players were on hand at Saturday's practice, four from last year's seniors—Phil Proctor, Del Steed, Al Manifold and Nori Nishio, and thirteen others who aspire to be Seniors. Four of the prospects, Reed Payne, Sandy Gilchrist, Alex Jardine and Roy Spackman, showed up well in last season's interfac competition, the latter two making the interfac all-star team. The remainder of the players are freshies, who have for the most part displayed their ability in provincial high school championship teams, in both the "B" and senior provincial leagues.

By way of introduction, suppose we start with the Erdman brothers from Barons, Karl and Ihner. Both played on the provincial "B" league high school championship team from Barons last year. Karl as a guard and Ihner as a forward. This year finds them Freshies in Arts and Agriculture, respectively. Karl, by the way, is the boy who told me that he stood five-foot-four.

Another Steed, Don, was on the floor. He has a history similar to that of his brother Del. It reads like this: home town, Cardston, played on Alberta High School champs of '40, for the Normal School intermediates in '41, provincial intermediate champs of '42, coached Jefferson High in '43. Don is in first year pharmacy, looks like, plays like and talks, rather, drals like brother Del. Don fills a forward's shoes very well, and judging from Saturday's practice, two Steeds will adorn the Golden Bears lineup this year.

Dan (Sandy) Sandulak of Crownsnest, and another product of the Calgary Normal intermediates, was on hand. A few months ago Sandy was known as Lieut. Sandulak. A first year pre-med, Sandy complained that he hasn't played for the last two years, as the C.O. kept him too busy. Naturally, his basket eye was a little out, but his floor play and combinations were good.

Eric Geddes of last year's Victoria High is a first year Commerce man, playing forward, and showing up well under the hoop. He seemed to garner his share of points during the playing periods.

Floyd Searle and Arnold Lesk of Magrath and Medicine Hat are both trying for positions on the guard line. Searle is in Education and has been well seasoned in intermediate leagues in the south. Lesk, another Engineer, learned the art with the Medicine Hat High School.

One of the boys who definitely shows real form around the hoop and on the floor, with that zest that makes the game interesting, is Don Woolley. Don played with last year's provincial high school champs from Magrath, where Papa Woolley did the coaching. Don works in easily with the other four men on the team, and teamwork is what everybody seems to be striving for this year.

Elimination starts on Tuesday, and with four seniors back, four of last year's interfac players on hand, along with this year's ex-high school and intermediate stars, competition will really be keen. Shooting practice took up the major part of Saturday's workout, followed by scrimmage and plenty of exercise, which took the form of laps around the drill hall. A great deal of credit should be given to Tommy Hays and Stan Moker for the scouting role that they have so well played in finding the basketball coach. Soft spoken and capable, Vi Wood not only explains how it should be done, but drops his whistle just long enough to put on a demonstration of shooting and ball-handling that draws favorable comment from the toughest of critics.

surplus energy, and be ready for a good time. Just contact your Sports Rep. or watch the Women's Athletic Association bulletin board for notice, regarding the time and games.

Last year's games were great fun for all (and some of the girls even learned something), so if you have nothing to do Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, we'll see you in the Drill Hall. Come on, girls, support your faculty. This, like every other activity on the campus, can be a success only if you do your part.

## Vi Wood Named Coach Varsity Golden Bears

Tommy Hays came to the rescue of the U. of A. last week, and suggested the long-sought for men's senior basketball coach, after Sgt. Johnny Galvin of the U.S. Army was unable to obtain permission from his C.O. to perform the duties. The new coach, Vi Wood, is well known in city basketball circles, having played in the local senior loop for the past few years. A graduate in Agriculture from Alberta, Vi, pronounced Vee, played guard on the old Golden Bears for three years. Those were the days when Varsity boasted of at least four teams in provincial and city leagues. Besides a senior, intermediate team, and two junior teams, eleven interfac teams participated in the competition on the campus. It was that year that the Golden Bears lost out to U.B.C. Thunderbirds, Dominion champions in the rugby cup finals, by the margin of four points in a two-game series.

The next two years found Vi too busy obtaining his Master's Degree to enter into Varsity sport, but the following year saw the University of Ottawa utilizing his basketball talents. Vi refused to comment on whether it was the stuffy atmosphere or the stuffed shirts of the east that induced him to return to Alberta, and become director of lands in the provincial government's service.

Vi Woods is warmly welcomed by Varsity hoop followers.

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## Boxers, Under Steele Brewerton, Working Out in St. Joseph's Gym; Freshmen Given Warm Invitation

Greatest news of the year, so far as boxers are concerned, is the acquisition of St. Joe's gym for workouts.

Freshmen are urged to turn out and give it a try. Club President Steele Brewerton—last year's winner of the Wynnychuk Trophy and Beaumont Trophy as outstanding boxer of the university—claims that freshmen will receive expert instruction and should shape up well against what seniors are left in the club.

Brewerton is particularly enthusiastic about the prospects for this year. A tournament in the spring will climax the winter's training. Other meets are planned, and a competition against the army is a possibility.

There's plenty doing in the Boxing Club, men. We'll see you there.

Workouts—St. Joe's Gym: Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, 2:00 p.m.

Jasper Ave.,  
Alberta